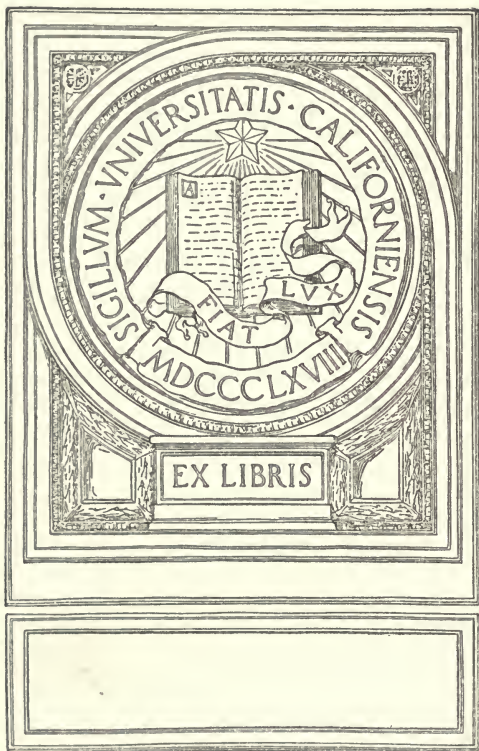


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STORIES
OF
HOSPITAL AND CAMP.

BY
MRS. C. E. MCKAY.



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Dedicated
TO THE GREAT HOST OF WOMEN
GOOD AND TRUE,
WHO, AT THEIR HOMES OR IN HOSPITALS, REN-
DERED TIMELY AND VALUABLE SERVICE
TO OUR SICK AND WOUNDED
SOLDIERS.

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INTRODUCTION.

IT is now more than a decade of years since the close of that great conflict which, beyond anything else in the history of our country, tested our national character, and by its results gave us a right to call this land a land of freedom. When we say that it was a stupendous struggle, which gave to every man, woman, and child in the country something to do and something to suffer, calling on each to renounce some pleasure and take up some burden, — to surrender the present, the personal, tangible good for advantages that were general and to some extent ideal, — our words do but faintly set forth the reality.

The call was imperative, the stake nothing less than our national life, and the response equal to the grandeur of the crisis. Everywhere throughout the loyal States was set up the altar of sacrifice, and everywhere was that sacred altar glorified by gifts of what we held most precious.

But while we who live to see this day may rejoice if we, too, were privileged to lay some humble gift on the sacrificial altar, shall we be so recreant to honor, gratitude, and

love, as to forget those who gave themselves? Who did not hold life itself too dear a thing to lay down, when rebellion threatened the dismemberment of our Republic. Who were not behind the martyrs of olden time in courage on the battle-field, patience and self-renunciation in fulfilling the new and hard duties of a soldier's life, fortitude under suffering, meekness and submission in the hour of death. Should we not often call to mind the bodily pains and perils, the mental anguish and bloody deaths, through which these grand souls wrought out for us a new national life? And ought we not carefully to teach the children of the present generation,—charging them not to let their children or their children's children forget what it cost their fathers to leave to them a united country; and, to this end, gather up whatever may be within our reach that can render the impression more vivid and durable? It is with a sense of this duty, and in the hope of preserving a few fragments of this most interesting though sorrowful history, that at this late hour I turn to some very inadequate notes of service in military hospitals, and, with such help as memory still affords, endeavor to make them worthy an humble place in the records of those eventful days.

For the active campaign and the battle-field were not always the greatest hardships of a soldier's life. Even on the field of carnage, the perilous picket-line, and trenches, or in long and weary marches, there was that

within of hope, or that without of excitement, to nerve the arm and bear up the spirit to meet the crisis. But with what sinking of heart must a man who was yesterday rejoicing in the glory of an active and adventurous career, find himself all of a sudden lying on the narrow bed of a hospital, maimed for life by the loss of a limb, or with the warm life-current ebbing away through a wound in some vital part? It was here that the true spirit of the Christian martyr arose triumphant and faced, without blenching, the last enemy. Can the records of our Revolutionary Fathers show anything more heroic than this?

My story consists strictly of personal observations and experience, and is but an imperfect record of incidents connected with forty months' service in our military hospitals, during the period intervening between the early part of March, 1862, and July, 1865.

WAKEFIELD, MASS., April, 1876.

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STORIES OF HOSPITAL AND CAMP.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

FREDERICK CITY, MD.

HAVING heard, through the kindness of friends in Boston, that I might find work to do for our soldiers in the general hospitals in Baltimore, I went thither; but as my attention had already been directed to Frederick City, Md., as a place where nurses for the sick and wounded were much needed, and finding, when I reached Baltimore, that Mrs. Tyler, who, with great tact and skill, had organized a band of nurses for the Camden Street Hospital, had just received a requisition for more nurses from the surgeon in charge of the hospital at Frederick—I preferred going there, and accordingly accompanied the steward of the hospital, then in Baltimore, on his return. The hospital at Frederick City consisted of two large stone buildings, erected as far back as the time of Washington, but

well preserved, and to these were added from time to time, as the number of patients increased, long wooden barracks, each of which would accommodate about a hundred beds; a row of fifty on each side, with a sufficiently wide walk between.

Here, as in all other hospitals that I have seen, was much suffering, both physical and mental; depression and discontent in some cases, patient endurance and gratitude in many, often mingled and relieved by touches of the grotesque and ludicrous.

On the 23d of March, 1862, occurred the battle of Winchester, Va., and our hospital was soon filled with wounded from the battle-field. Our first care for them was, sometimes before they were taken from the ambulances, to administer food and slightly stimulating drinks; then, when they had been washed, wounds dressed, hair combed, bloody and torn garments replaced by others clean and whole, those who were not badly wounded, would sit up in their narrow beds, or walk about the wards, hobbling on crutches, or with their arms in slings, as the case might require—cheerful, sometimes jolly, often congratulating themselves that the case with them was no worse. They had not much objection to being complimented on their soldierly appearance, or to our expressions of admiration and gratitude for the bravery of our boys in blue. They never wearied of recounting incidents of the strife, and a willing

listener would generally be surrounded by three or four at a time, each anxious to tell his own story. "I can't help thinking," said one, "of poor Jemmie. He was so badly wounded that we had to leave him in Winchester to die. When I said to him, 'This is too bad, Jemmie,' he shook his head, and said, 'Yes, it is bad; but better so than that Stonewall Jackson should have come into Winchester.'"

A slender, boyish-looking little fellow, in describing the manner in which he had escaped the watchful care of his mother that he might enlist, excused the apparent cruelty by saying that he always hated *sceneses*, and he knew if he told his mother, she would cry so that he couldn't come. Poor boy! he little dreamed of the *sceneses* into which he was rushing.

Among the good and intelligent soldiers who came to us at that time, were many worthy of especial notice, but of these I will mention only one. A handsome young German, named Russell, belonging to an Ohio regiment, was wounded in the arm. The wound had been carefully dressed, and there was hope of saving the arm, until, walking across the floor, he stumbled and fell with his great weight on the broken bone. The consequence was great inflammation and a necessity for amputation. For eleven weeks he lingered, at first doing well, but afterwards sinking until he was gone. During all this time he received the most assiduous care

from those in attendance in the hospital, and daily presents of delicacies from ladies in the town. He was always glad to hear portions of the Bible, or other religious books which were read to him, and, when near his end, the last rites of the Romish Church were administered by his favorite priest. Still he had been reticent, indicating only by a pleased, bright glance of the eye his appreciation of what was done for him. I was, therefore, the more affected when, just before he expired, seeing that he was making an effort to speak, and stooping over him to catch his parting word, I heard him say, brokenly,

“ I want — I want — ”

“ What do you want, Russell ? ” I asked.

“ I want to tell you — what — what I will do for you — when I get — to another place — ”

The dying man, doubtless, had in mind some idea of intercession, as inculcated by his Church, and gathered up in these few words the whole sum of gratitude and affection which had so often beamed from his beautiful eyes.

One Sunday, while superintending the distribution of dinner in my ward, I heard footsteps coming down the long walk, and, looking up, saw the chief medical officer, preceded a little by a gentleman in citizen's dress, whose appearance at once riveted my attention. There was nothing very striking in his brown suit, white cravat, sallow complexion, heavy

gray beard, and anxious expression; and yet on the whole he *was* remarkable, and I stood looking at him as he passed down, his keen eye seeming to take in everything, especially the dinner that was being served out to our men, until, with a slight bow, he turned and passed out at the side door.

"Do you know what strange gentleman inspected our hospital to-day?" I asked of a citizen friend whom I met as I walked across the hospital grounds.

"Oh, yes; that was Dr. George. He was a surgeon in the Crimean war; owns a large plantation in Louisiana; very rich; a good Union man."

A few weeks afterwards, when our hospital and town were occupied by the rebel army, I compared notes with one of their soldiers, and learned that this man was Stonewall Jackson. "He often goes into your lines," they say, "in disguise, and so acquaints himself with what is going on in your army." Long after the war was over, the report of my rebel friend was confirmed by one of Stonewall Jackson's staff officers, Major Riley, whom I met as I was travelling in Virginia. He said that he was acquainted with the fact of General Jackson's visit to Frederick about three weeks before Lee's invasion of Maryland, and that he visited the hospitals, introducing himself as Dr. George.

As the summer passed away, we had frequent accessions of sick and wounded from various quarters, and a sharp contest was continually going on

between those who were striving to save and the grim tyrant, who seemed always watching at the door, waiting an opportunity to lay his icy hand on some helpless victim. How often did it happen—as, indeed, it did through all my hospital life—that while some most severe case seemed to demand my special attention, another, perhaps on the very next bed, whom I would leave comfortable at night, would be gone in the morning. Looking for him I would find that his bed had been taken away, and did not need to ask why it was removed.

Then there was the frequent departure of squads of soldiers pronounced well enough to rejoin their regiments. Going forth to a future so uncertain, we could not say farewell without the greatest interest and anxiety, and often the trembling voice and tearful eye, as they gave the parting hand, testified their appreciation of our solicitude. Then tidings would come of some of these that they were shot in this or that battle. One such case I remember with great sorrow. It was of a young soldier who came to the hospital with a severe wound in the hand, and was at first very much depressed, and suffering from homesickness. He had no money, his wound was painful, he was lonely and distressed. I listened to his grievances, tried to imbue him with a more cheerful spirit and with a sense of the greatness and worthiness of the cause in which he suffered, and gave him money for the

supply of his immediate wants. He at first declined to receive money, saying, "Perhaps you need it yourself as much as I do," and would accept it only after being assured that I could spare it without the slightest inconvenience. After a while he would come to my quarters, and, sitting through the summer evening, make free confession of his past sins, especially of his habit of swearing, which he said he had never dared to do at home. He had never uttered an oath in my hearing, but some of the men in his ward had told me that he was shockingly profane; and I begged him to desist from that habit, and all others that would be defiling to his soul, and to seek from heaven help and strength to withstand the temptations of a soldier's life. "I do sometimes think," he said, "that I will try to do better; but the army is such a wicked place. You don't know how hard it is for a soldier to be good." So, wishing to be good, but still irresolute, he left us with a thirty days' furlough, at the expiration of which he was to report to his regiment. I heard nothing from him until, long afterwards, a soldier asked of me,—

"Do you remember Gilbert, who was here last summer, wounded in the hand?"

"Yes; very well. Have you seen him?"

"Yes. I saw him after the battle of Antietam, dead on the field, shot through the head."

Another, from whom I have never heard, and

who, when he took my hand at parting, could hardly speak through his tears, said to me, "I used to swear; but since I came to the army, I hear the boys swear so wicked that it disgusts me, and I mean to leave it off. I read my Bible now, and pray every day, and will try to live a good life."

So we went on until after the battle of August 30th, generally called the second battle of Bull Run, when we were astounded by the intelligence that Lee's army had crossed the Potomac into Maryland, and was marching on Frederick City.

As the town could not be defended, the citizens prepared to give him as silent a reception as possible. The home guard was sent off, also every hospital patient who could walk to the outskirts of the town, where teams were seized to convey them to a safe distance. Large quantities of Government clothing, blankets, and other hospital stores were collected and burnt on the grounds. All through the town window-blinds were closed and the streets silent and deserted. In our hospital remained a few patients who could not be removed, and the medical officers with a few attendants and nurses. All through the long night of September 5th we watched and waited their coming with intense anxiety, wondering what would be our fate as prisoners. At length, at ten o'clock on the morning of the 6th, we caught the gleam of bayonets on the

eastern hill, and Stuart's cavalry, followed by Jackson's infantry, entered the town. As they poured rather lazily along through Main Street, a miserable band, with cracked instruments, struck up "My Maryland!" but the music soon died away. A squad of horsemen from the van, dashed up into the hospital enclosure, wheeled around in front of one of the old stone buildings, and, presenting bayonets to a few medical officers, who stood leaning on the balcony, demanded, in the name of the Confederate States, the surrender of the post.

During a brief delay in finding the chief medical officer, there was time for a short colloquy.

"Our men must have been asleep to let you come into Maryland," said a hospital steward.

"Yes," replied a young rebel officer. "Many of them are sleeping at Bull Run; more on the Peninsula."

Then the surrender was made, protection promised, and guards placed at the doors of every ward. A Virginia brigade marched in and bivouacked on the hospital grounds. As they filed past, we saw that each man had a watermelon on his shoulder, captured from neighboring fields. They quickly seated themselves in squads and began to devour them, throwing the refuse about our nicely policed grounds. It was but the beginning of sorrows in that line, for before the week was out, the place, which before had been a model of neatness, was turned into a

pen of filth. When at night I went to my lodgings, just outside the hospital grounds, as I stepped from the street into my sleeping-room, which was on the ground-floor, I was obliged to pass over the body of a rebel soldier, insensible from fatigue or liquor, another in the same condition was stretched along the pavement under my window, while a third stood sentinel in front. All through the night sleep was driven away by the continued tramp of troops, and the rumbling through the streets of artillery and army wagons. This continued with little cessation for two or three days, until the whole rebel army had passed through the town, and, as hour after hour I watched them from my window, the sight recalled to mind a little couplet which had been familiar in careless childhood:

“Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town,”

so ragged were they, so filthy and squalid in appearance. Yet the events of the last few weeks had borne honorable testimony to their fighting abilities, and closer acquaintance proved that they were by no means ruffians. Seeing me at the open window, they would sometimes stop and ask humbly for food, and when I gave them what I had at hand, they received it very thankfully. When I went among them in our wards, of which they had taken possession, they willingly made way for me,

and manifested the greatest gratitude for whatever I could supply for the relief of hunger, sickness, or wounds. In my own ward, which was constantly thronged with them, we held long conversations on the causes, progress, and probable termination of the war, and many of them I found to be good, intelligent, thoughtful men, having implicit faith in their cause, in God as their especial leader, and next to Him in Stonewall Jackson. It is true, they did us much damage—appropriating to themselves, without ceremony, the nice clothing and delicacies which were given in trust from Northern friends for our sick and wounded; but when in leaving they kindly offered the parting hand, we could not withhold a kind response. “I shake hands with you as a Christian, not as a rebel,” I said to one who had made himself quite a favorite in the ward; and many of them, in parting with our men, expressed the hope that it might never be their fortune to meet them on the battle-field.

“Are you tired, soldier, after your long march?” I asked of one.

“No, lady; I shall not be tired till we get to Philadelphia.”

“But do you know that many of you poor fellows will find a grave before you get to Philadelphia?”

“We expected nothing else when we left our wives and little children, and *they* are as dear to us as yours are to *you-alls*.”

"But you are caught in a nice trap, and we shall soon see you rushing out of town much faster than you came in."

"Perhaps you have n't heard," said another, "how we fight the Yankees in Virginia?"

"No; how is that?"

"We fire on them till our powder is all gone, then we break our muskets over their heads, and hurl at them fence-rails and rocks."

"Very well; our soldiers can fight with fence-rails and rocks as well as you, and you'll have plenty of that sort of work between here and Philadelphia."

"Have you ever visited Richmond?" asked a gentlemanly young private.

"No, and (unless captured by you rebels) I shall not be likely to have that pleasure until your city is again peacefully settled under the STARS AND STRIPES."

"Then I venture a prediction. I predict you will never come."

"I felt just as you do about the old flag, two years ago," said a rebel major, "but now I hate it, and was glad to see it trampled in the dust, as I did yesterday.* Your army is whipped now, and

* He referred to an outrage on our flag, committed by their soldiers — tying it by the corners to their horses' tails, and dragging it, followed by a troop of shouting horsemen, through the streets, till it was trampled and torn into shreds.

there is not one of you who does not know it. In a few weeks the Confederacy will be recognized by European powers ; General Lee is now on his way to Pennsylvania. In Philadelphia he will dictate his own terms of peace —”

“ But we have a great North behind us.”

“ So have we a great South behind us.”

“ But it seems to me not to become either party to boast just now. None but the Lord above knows how this strife will terminate.”

“ We will soon let you know. We will not keep you in suspense more than three weeks at furthest.”

So, turning on his heel, he left us, with no power to controvert his assertions, for we were prisoners, and knew nothing of what was going on outside of our beleaguered city. Neither could we wonder at the confidence of our adversaries, for they were flushed with their late victories, and laden with spoils from the bodies of our slain soldiers. But, though not having much whereof to boast, we were hopeful, continually watching in the direction from whence we believed deliverance would soon come, and at the end of the sixth day our straining eyes detected dark masses and lines in the distance, which we knew were neither trees nor fences, because they were in motion, and presently the dear old flag, never so precious as now, appeared, waving over our well-equipped and well-drilled troops. The

columns advanced over the hills. Now a line of skirmishers made their way through a cornfield, tore away the fence, and were in the hospital enclosure. We rushed to meet them, took them by the hand as brothers, invited them in, and set before them whatever we had at hand. They ate hastily, and had to go—they were under orders.

Already the rebel troops had disappeared, and the haste with which they jostled and crowded on one another, as they *skedaddled* through the town, was pleasant to our eyes; and then, when our splendid cavalry, the First Maine, made a charge with drawn sabres through the streets, there was only a small portion of their rear-guard, from Stuart's cavalry, left to hold skirmish with our van. This was over in an hour or two, and then our magnificent army filled the town, coming in from various points—cavalry, infantry, artillery—until it was literally jammed. The citizens left their hiding places, and welcomed them with a frenzy of delight. Windows and doors were thrown open, joyful congratulations passed from one to another, flags, showing the stars and stripes, and the red, white, and blue, waved from the windows over the heads of the advancing columns. It was a grand moment, the significance of which no show of welcome or enthusiasm on our part could outdo, for, having released us from our imprisonment, they were pressing on to the fields of South Mountain and Antie-

tam, which many were soon to redden with their life blood.

Then followed those fearful days and nights, during which the thunder of battle scarcely ceased, and our hospitals were crowded with the wounded of both armies, coming back to suffer, many to die. All the beautiful autumnal months were devoted to the care of these sufferers. In some cases the careful watcher and worker would be repaid by seeing a rapid convalescence, but more frequently pained to witness declining strength and eyes growing dim and tinged with a yellow hue, making it evident that Death had set his seal there, while the victims were wholly unaware of their approaching fate. The narrow hospital life, with its wearisome routine and petty exactions, was extremely irksome to convalescents. Many men in the ranks had refined and cultivated minds, others had bold and adventurous natures, and to them the restrictions of the hospital were a greater hardship than the active campaign, and they came to look upon themselves as prisoners, and the regulations, to which they were obliged to submit, as unjust. Their present surroundings were distasteful, the future looked dark and unpromising. What wonder, if the air was at times rife with complaints, and a word of cheer seemed almost a mockery. Often, when surrounded by these scenes and similar ones in other hospitals, bewildered and almost despairing at the sight of

woes to which I could bring only slight alleviation, I would, as a last effort, strive to inspire these sinking hearts with the hope that out of the present darkness and distress God would bring some blessing to our country and our race so grand, so far beyond our present comprehension, that we, beholding it in the future, would be satisfied.

But for the sufferers in the Frederick City hospitals there was one source of comfort which they can never forget—the visits of the warm-hearted, loyal, generous women who daily came in bands, bringing and distributing through the wards their gifts of delicacies to tempt the appetite, reading matter, paper and envelopes, always with such words of cheer, comfort, praise, and gratitude, that fainting hearts were reassured, and to die for one's country seemed, in their presence, "sweet and decorous."

CHAPTER II.

IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE first battle of Fredericksburg was fought in December, 1862. Wounded men in great numbers were brought to Washington. Many of the churches and Government buildings in Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria were turned into hospitals, and new hospitals were established in the environs of the city. Who that saw the Patent Office at that time will ever forget its great halls and corridors filled with rows of pale-faced sufferers, while there again the gloom was relieved by the presence of faithful, true-hearted women. Having spent December and a part of January in desultory work and visits in these hospitals, my steps were led to the Army of the Potomac. It was difficult at that time for non-combatants of either sex to obtain passes to the front, but after much delay and intercession I succeeded. My pass, from the War Department, was dated January 12th, 1863, and gave me permission to go to the Army of the Potomac with supplies for sick and wounded.

I was accompanied and assisted during my first month in the field-hospitals by my friend, Miss Harriet Sharpless, of Pennsylvania, whose good

work for the soldiers there and in other places is too well known to need any mention of mine. We went by steamboat to Aquia Creek, and thence by rail to Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock.

All along the river for miles stretched the white camps of our army, in their winter-quarters; but among them all I sought out those of the First Division, Third Corps, then the Third Brigade, and Seventeenth Maine regiment, because in the latter were a brother and several other friends, by whose request I had come to this new field of labor.

A tent belonging to Major West, who was absent at the time, was appropriated to our use. Colonel Roberts, of Portland, was in command of the regiment at that time, and from him and the surgeon, Dr. Wiggin, and the other officers, we received a cordial welcome, and the best of such accommodations as their camp afforded, and here we were speedily initiated into camp-life and work in field-hospitals.

Hitherto the sick and wounded of the army of the Potomac had been sent to the Washington hospitals, but the experiment of field-hospitals was now to be tried, and that of the First Division, Third Corps — General D. B. Birney's — was just being established. The establishment of a field-hospital consisted in pitching a number of tents in a row or rows, according to the number of patients,

bringing the latter from their own more narrow quarters in their little shelter tents, and laying them on the army blankets, which had been spread on the ground. Then men from the ranks were detailed as attendants, and for such nursing as soldiers could give.

A favorable position had been chosen for our division hospital. It was on high ground, and near a house which furnished lodgings for medical officers and lady nurses. It commanded a fine view of Fredericksburg, on the opposite side of the Rappahannock, and near at hand were the Lacy house and Phillip's house, the latter of which we regretted to see in flames not long after our arrival. General Lee's army was encamped on the hills around Fredericksburg. The river being narrow, the soldiers of the two armies, picketed along the opposite banks, could easily exchange words, and sometimes in riding along the river in my ambulance I would stop and listen to their questions and replies.

On our first visit to the hospital, we found men in burning fevers, or with rheumatism, dysentery, or frozen limbs, lying on the ground, with no nourishment but the common soldier's ration of hard-tack and coffee, or, as a special luxury, beans baked with pork. Here, indeed, was need enough of work and supplies. The hospital could afford us nothing in the way of cooking utensils. We were welcome, however, to the use of the large kitchen fire-place

in the house where we lodged, and an obliging colored woman, who was faithfully serving her old master, the owner of the house, kindly lent for our use a little iron boiler. In this, with the help of a few simple utensils we had brought from Washington, and the tin cans which had contained preserved fruit and meats, we were soon able to prepare puddings of corn-starch and farina, gruel, tea, chocolate, soup, beef-tea, and wine jelly, which, with good bread and butter, and our canned fruit, were a great help to our sick soldiers. By degrees our hospital improved, and assumed a comfortable, even cheerful appearance. The doctors were pleased with our efforts, and gave us every facility in their power. General Birney, at our request, sent large details of men into the woods to cut poles for bunks, until all our patients were raised from the ground, and placed on beds of straw, covered with blankets. This was indeed a step in the right direction, and none who were at that time inmates of our hospital, can ever forget Mrs. Birney's visits, her untiring efforts for the comfort of the men, and the cheer and encouragement that her sweet presence and generous gifts afforded. It was also through General Birney's kindness that I was after a while furnished with a nice cooking-stove, which was brought up from Aquia Creek, and installed in its place with great rejoicing, Mrs. Birney assisting at the important ceremony. Large quantities of supplies were fur-

nished by the Sanitary Commission, valuable boxes were sent from friends at the North, and also from friends of the Birneys, in Philadelphia, and our special diet table soon showed an extensive variety.

In the spring the army was re-organized, camps were changed, and our division, with its hospital, was removed to Potomac Creek, four or five miles from Falmouth

CHAPTER III.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

WITH the first of May came the battle of Chancellorsville. This was ten or twelve miles from our hospital on Potomac Creek, on the south side of the Rappahannock. At an early hour on Sunday morning, May 3d, I left the hospital and went out towards the battle-field, my ambulance well loaded with sanitary supplies, and a young soldier from the hospital for an assistant. Never can I forget that morning. The fearful roar of artillery, which had scarcely been interrupted since daylight; the clear shining of the sun in the lovely spring morning; our way, partly through deserted camps — those rude homes whence so many noble souls had just gone out, even then many of them lying dead on the battle-field; long trains of army wagons moving slowly towards the front; couriers rushing back and forth. A mounted patrol dashed up to us and demanded a halt, but dismissed us politely when he learned our purpose. Just across the river on our left the conflict was raging, in which the gallant Sedgwick, with his Sixth Corps, was contesting the heights of Fredericksburg. As we drew nearer to United States Ford, over which our army crossed on their pontoon bridges, we met

squads of soldiers slightly wounded making their way back to camp. They told us of this and of that comrade or officer killed or wounded, among the latter the brave General Berry, of our own corps, whose lifeless body was being borne back to Falmouth; and General Whipple mortally wounded; also that the Eleventh Corps had "shown the white feather."

Just before we reached the river was a small house, that had been taken for an hospital. Horses were picketed around it in all directions; quartermasters' wagons, with their tents near by; a throng of soldiers coming and going.

Finding many wounded men lying in and around the house, I immediately commenced the distribution of stimulants and nourishment. Milk punch and crackers were given to all who could take them. Tea, chocolate, coffee, and beef-soup were prepared and given, not only to the wounded, but to others, officers and privates, many of whom had had nothing but a bit of hard-tack for the day.

A young lieutenant, lying on the floor with an amputated arm, attracted my attention. His overcoat was folded under his head for a pillow, his sword lay near, his eyes were closed, and he was so pale from the loss of blood that I at first thought he was dead; but when I put a spoonful of stimulant to his lips he swallowed it, and, opening his lips, asked, faintly,—

"Are you from Philadelphia?"

"No; why do you ask?"

"Because you are so kind."

"Do all the kind people live in Philadelphia?"

"No," he said, his poor, pale face relaxing with a smile, and, closing his eyes again, he murmured, "mother!"

I fed him occasionally until he was quite revived, and when I could no longer do so myself, begged a guard who was off duty to attend to him, and left in his care some nourishment for him. He begged me to stay with him through the night, and I would gladly have done so if possible. I did not learn his name or his regiment, but I never think of Chancellorsville without recalling his pale, sweet face, and wishing to know what became of him. Other cases, equally or more distressing, required attention; and so passed the time till late in the night, when Dr. Dexter, corps inspector, came to me and said that he had been ordered to take charge of the wounded of our corps on the south side of the river, and asked if I would go over. It happened that the chief quartermaster of the post belonged to our division, and he had sent word to me as soon as I arrived, that I should call on him for anything in his power to do for me. I therefore sent to him immediately requesting a pass to Chancellorsville, which he readily gave, and in a few moments I was in my ambulance, leaving one scene of suffering for another still more terrible.

The way was difficult to find at night. Now we were entangled in a thicket, and again blockaded by heavy army wagons. In going down a steep hill, my driver lost his balance, and was thrown from his seat. Perhaps he had indulged a little too freely in the milk punch he had been helping to administer to the wounded. He recovered his seat, but lost control of the horses, and they were brought up by a train of wagons. It was nearly midnight when we got to the pontoon bridge across the Rappahannock, lying so smooth and white in the clear moonlight. At length, about three miles from the river, we found the large brick house to which the wounded of the Third Corps were brought from the battle-field. As we approached we saw that wounded men were lying all along by the fences, all through the grounds, some under the little white tents, but more under the open heaven. They were on the piazza, under the piazza, in the cellar, through the halls, in all the rooms above and below, while cries and groans broke out where the agony was too great to be repressed. Some stimulants were given out, and a closet, not large enough for a man to stretch himself in, answered for my store-room and dormitory. Early in the morning the work of administering food and stimulants began, and went on as rapidly as possible all day.

We were within three miles of the front line of battle, and could see artillery posted in various direc-

tions. Colonel Collis, of the 114th Pennsylvania regiment, was at the hospital, and told me how fearfully his regiment had suffered in the fight.

“I hope my friend Captain Elliot is not hurt.”

“Captain Elliot is dead.”

As I uttered an exclamation of grief and horror, another officer, standing by, asks:

“Is not Lieutenant Johnson, of the 17th Maine, your brother?”

“Yes; have you seen him?”

“I fear you have to hear bad news of him.”

I felt myself growing faint, but asked,

“Is he wounded?”

“Wounded, but not brought in.”

This was equivalent to saying he was dead or taken prisoner; yet I could not at once receive the terrible truth, for his parting kiss seemed still warm on my lips, but before night I knew that he was dead.

Corporal Whitcomb, of his company, reported: “Lieutenant Johnson was in command of our company, and leading it in a charge around the brick house. As the company was falling back, I saw that he was struck, and caught him in my arms as he was falling. He rested a moment, supporting himself with one knee on the ground. ‘Are you hurt, Lieutenant?’ I asked. He opened his shirt bosom, and said, ‘Yes; it has gone through me. Give me water.’ Before I could get the canteen to his lips, he was gone. Our regiment was moving so fast

that I could not get help to carry him off, and was obliged to leave him, and run to save myself from being taken prisoner."

Efforts were made to recover the body, but he fell, shot through the heart, as the division was falling back, and the ground was in possession of the enemy. "We hope to recover the ground to-morrow," said the commanding general, in answer to a request for a flag of truce, "and then every effort shall be made to recover the body of Lieutenant Johnson." But the ground was never recovered, and his dust mingles with that of thousands who lie in nameless graves on that fatal field.

Officers were constantly coming in, who reported all things favorable to our side. "To-morrow there will be a great battle; we shall have a victory, and then go on to Richmond." But to-morrow comes, and no sound of battle. What can it mean? The silence is now more portentous and perplexing than would be the roar of artillery. An order came to send off the wounded men, which, we supposed, was preparatory to fresh arrivals from the coming battle. I was just giving directions for having the floors cleansed from stains and pools of blood, when Dr. Harris, of the Sanitary Commission, came in, and, calling me aside, told me that I had better be in readiness to move at a moment's notice, as the artillery was changing position, and there was a probability that the house where we were might be shelled.

I immediately began to pack up my remnants of supplies, when I heard Dr. Dexter call for my ambulance driver, and order him to "load up and be off with me as fast as possible, for the house would be riddled with shells in fifteen minutes." So my ambulance was reloaded, with the addition of two of our wounded boys, the pontoon bridge re-crossed, the hospital on the northern side regained. There, for the first time, I learned the sorrowful fact that the battle of Chancellorsville was a failure; that the whole army was falling back, that by to-morrow night we should all be in the old camp again.

NOT ALL!

Here again I found crowds of wounded men lying on the ground, suffering terrible agonies under the hot sun, from which there was no shelter. I had yet in my ambulance food and stimulants, which I lost no time in distributing. I found other women at work here — Mrs. Fogg, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Husband; but since I left this place for the hospital at Chancellorsville, I had not seen a woman, and did not know that any other woman crossed the river at this place while our forces were on the south side, excepting "Mary," the vivandière of the 114th P. V., who was a brave and faithful worker.

Here also was one of General Sickles' staff officers, Captain Young, waiting anxiously for orders to move his wagon train, and from him I learned the terrible tidings that we had lost the battle.

"You have no time to lose in getting back to camp," said he. "The trains will soon be in motion, and then you may find it impossible to get along." One of the wounded soldiers who had come with me from Chancellorsville, a bright young lad from a New Jersey regiment, had remained in the ambulance while I had been at work, and begged to go on with me, "because it hurt him so much to move."

Up to that time the weather had been fair and bright, but just as I stepped into the ambulance, heavy rain clouds came up, and a few drops of rain fell. Then came on a furious rain storm. In a few hours the country was flooded. Creeks were swollen and bridges swept away. The blackest night fell upon us. Wagon trains blocked our way, What was to be done? Should we stop where we were till morning, or try to make our way a little farther? With the greatest difficulty we crossed the railroad, and gained the white house near "Stoneman's switch," which General Whipple had lately occupied as head-quarters, but to which he would never return. The house was destitute of furniture and unoccupied, save by a few men who belonged to the headquarters. In one of the chambers was a fire-place, where, with a few stray bits of wood, a fire was made, and our wounded boy was brought up and laid carefully by the side of it. A little coffee was made, which, with a few crackers, served

for supper. My soldier attendant was soon asleep on the floor, and after a while I too wrapped myself in my water-proof, and rested on the floor till morning. Then we made our slow way towards Potomac Creek. Long trains of ambulances, having been out all night with their loads of wounded men, came up. The creek was swollen to the dimensions of a river, and the bridge on which we had crossed when we went out was swept away. We had to wait until it was rebuilt, but that was only a few hours. I went into the hut of a colored woman, who kindly let me use her fire, and prepared warm drinks, which, with crackers, were sent to the poor wounded fellows in the ambulances. Just as my own supply was exhausted, Mr. Fay, of the Sanitary Commission, brought in a new supply, with which he had contrived to cross the creek to us. Never were such supplies more important, for these men, with their wounds and amputated limbs, had been jostled over the rough roads all night in the ambulances, and had not tasted food since they left Chancellorsville. There were plenty of soldiers, all ready to lend a helping hand, also the vivandière before mentioned, and the work went on cheerfully, though there was a great burden at our hearts.

Through all this a vague terror of something still more fearful lay like a dark shadow on my thought. Our army was falling back. That grand Army of the Potomac, which only a few weeks before we

beheld passing in review before President Lincoln and his generals, was defeated. What if the enemy, flushed with success, had gathered up his forces, crossed the river, and hurled them on our stunned and demoralized troops? Surely it could have been done. At length the bridge was ready, and we crossed the creek, the trains of ambulances following, and among those who came out to bring nourishment to the wounded, was sweet Helen Gilson, who had just returned from Fredericksburg, where she had been ministering to the wounded of Sedgwick's corps. Our hospital had been greatly enlarged since we left. The hills around were covered with the white tents of our Third Corps hospital, while those of the Sixth, Second, and Eleventh were within an area of five or six miles.

Going through the tents, a few days after the battle, I was surprised to see an elderly man whom I had often noticed lying in one of the halls at the brick house at Chancellorsville. He had been wounded through the chest, mortally, and I had not thought he could survive so long. His clothing, torn and stiffened with blood, had been removed, and in his clean clothes and comfortable bed, I did not at first recognize him. As his eye met mine, a sweet smile of recognition displaced for a moment the settled agony of his features. I took his outstretched hand and asked, "How are you?"

"Going fast."

"I trust, my poor friend, that you find yourself sustained and comforted in your sufferings by the hope of a better life to come?"

"Oh, yes," he said. "I have not neglected that. I have not been forgetful of my God, and now I know that he is with me."

He spoke with difficulty, but the smile was beautiful.

Late in the evening, one of the doctors came to my tent, and asked me to prepare a stimulating drink for a man who was fast dying of his wounds. I prepared the drink, and went with the doctor to see if anything further could be done. Making our way through lines of tents filled with the wounded and dying, we at last found the one we were in search of. But as soon as the doctor looked in he stepped back, and, closing the flap of the tent said, "You must not go in here. The man cannot live but a few hours; you can do nothing for him; and the stench from his wounds is so dreadful that you could scarcely breathe." I would not argue the matter with the doctor, but left word that the nurse—a soldier detailed to that duty—should come to my tent for something needed, and returned with him, hoping to say some word of cheer and comfort to the departing soul. His poor body was mutilated beyond the reach of surgical aid, but his mind was clear, his faith in the saving power

of his Almighty Friend unclouded, and the dark valley just at hand had no terrors for him. After talking with him a little, I took his pale, cold hand, on which, as well as on his forehead, the death dews were already gathering, and kneeling by the narrow bunk, commended, as well as I could, the parting soul to the great deliverer from pain and woe. I felt that the heavenly convoy was in waiting, and that the place so poor to mortal sight was none other than the gate of heaven. He was greatly comforted, and telling me how to direct, begged me to write to his wife, which I did on the morrow, though long before the morrow's sun rose his sufferings had ceased.

His wife's answer was pathetic, and worth preserving as one out of many received during those sorrowful days. How many bereaved ones mourned without even the comfort of knowing that a friendly hand had touched that of the dear departed.

Here it is :

“MRS. C. E. MCKAY.

“DEAR FRIEND.—I feel you are my friend, for you were a friend to my dear husband. I now will try to answer your kind letter, as I have not been able to write before this. You was with my dear companion just before his death. You offered prayer at the throne of grace with him. You asked him about his spiritual welfare, and you say he was willing to die. If I could only have been with him in his last hours, I would give all this world; but it

was so ordered that I could not. I was ready to start twice, but waited to hear further word from him. The letter I got from one of the delegates did not say whether he was dangerous or not, and I thought perhaps I would soon hear further word; but the next day I got his precious Bible; then I knew it was too late for me to go to him, for I thought he never would part with that precious book, unless he knew he would not get well. When I turned its pages over and saw the marks he had put in it, it looked as if it had been done with care. In one place where he had turned down a leaf, it read thus: 'Leave thy fatherless children in my care, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me;' so you see by that he thought of his dear ones at home. He has left a dear home, and dear ones in it, that loved him as they loved their own lives, and more. But he felt it his duty to serve his country, so he left all. But his thoughts were with us, and his letters were always full of the kindest words and instructions. He was a member of the Second Presbyterian Church, and was much loved by a large circle of friends, who mourn his loss. I feel as if this would be almost more than I can bear, but hope God will give me strength to bear the great trial. I thank you for your kindness to my husband, and if I could see you, I would prove a friend to you. I hope we may meet on earth, but if not, may we meet in heaven.

"From a friend forever,

"Mrs. MARY M. TAYLOR,

"Newark, N. J."

The above was by no means an exceptional case. It was often a matter of surprise to me that our men,

brought suddenly to face death, met it with so much calmness and resignation. Almost as often as I would remind those whom I knew to be dying, of the infinite power of Jesus to save, the rejoinder would be, "Yes; *and he is willing.*" One, with a powerful physique, and apparently in robust health, who had just come to the consciousness that he had but a few hours to live, in reply to the question if he could trust his immortal soul with his Saviour, looked up in my face with the questioning simplicity of a child, and asked, "I ought to, ought n't I?" I think the form in which the question lay in his mind was "May I?"

Captain Elliot, whose death has been referred to, was a man remarkably prepossessing in personal appearance, and of uncommon amiability of character. A few days before the battle, he had called at my quarters, dressed in the Zouave uniform,—that of his regiment,—and spoke with great feeling of a visit he had just been making to the camping ground of the last winter; riding all through it, and lingering tenderly over many spots dear to him by reason of association with friends and companions of his camp life. Now he had come to the hospital to see Clifford, one of his men, who seemed to be in the last stage of typhoid fever, speaking with great concern of his situation, and his own sense of responsibility to Clifford's mother and sister, to whom he had promised that he would

care for the boy. Laying his military cap on his knee, with a bit of paper placed on the top, he wrote the following note, and left it with me to deliver, in case of Clifford's death.

TO THE EMBALMER AT FALMOUTH STATION:

You will please embalm the body of Elijah Clifford, a private of my company. Do it properly and well, and as soon as it is done send me word, and I will pay your bill at once. I do not want this body expensively embalmed, but well done, as I shall send it to Philadelphia.

FRANK A. ELLIOT,

Capt. Co. F, 114th Regiment, P.V., Gen. Birney's Division.

This was the last time I saw dear Captain Elliot. Clifford recovered, and I saw him at the close of the war in robust health, but the last I heard of gentle, brave Frank Elliot was, that he was seen engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with several rebel soldiers, and refusing to surrender! Peace to his soul.

The two months which intervened between the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, was a time of depression and discouragement in the Army of the Potomac. The great battle which had been so long in anticipation had been lost, and with it thousands of precious lives, and of those who had been brought wounded from the field, thousands were dead or dying, while still other thousands

were lying in the hospitals, suffering unimaginable agonies with cruel wounds. Was it not a time to try the bravest souls? How faithfully are the closing scenes of our life at Potomac Creek daguerrotyped on my memory! The carrying out of sudden orders for breaking up the hospitals, and removing the sick and wounded to Washington. Long lines of troops moving from all directions towards Aquia Creek. Trains of cars quickly following one another, loaded within and without with our boys in blue. In my tent, anxious faces of women whose husbands had gone with the army, we know not whither or for what. Captain Fogg, my late brother's friend and tent-mate, as he took his last farewell, and mounted his horse, saying, with pale, sad face, "We have lost too much to give up now; we have something to avenge, but I am sure that I shall go next;" a prophecy which was in a few days fulfilled by his death at Gettysburg. General Howard, as he passed through our camp, stopping for a brief farewell, reining in his horse with that one *left* hand, which had done and was still to do splendid service for his country. Major Lee, riding back eleven miles, in the early morning, from the night's bivouac, to embrace once more his young, tearful wife with that good right arm which a few days later was shot away from the shoulder-socket.

CHAPTER IV.

GETTYSBURG.

WHEN our army left its base at Aquia Creek, and moved on to meet the rebel army in their second attempt on Pennsylvania, the field hospitals in Virginia were all broken up, and the wounded sent to Washington. Thither I followed, to remain in Washington until we should see where the next blow should fall.

The Washington journals of the 4th of July announced that there had been fighting on the 1st, 2d, and 3d, near Gettysburg, and I immediately went to Baltimore, and thence to Hanover Junction, the point nearest Gettysburg that could be reached by rail. From this point, about thirty miles distant, the railroad had been torn up, and there was no conveyance, either public or private, to be obtained.

The horses had all been sent into places of concealment, in case of a rebel raid, which was hourly expected. Heavy rains had made the roads so muddy that it was impossible for pedestrians to cross the street at the station where I had stopped. I would probably have been obliged to return to Washington, but for the kind and persevering efforts of Mr. Montford, military agent of the State of Indiana, who, seeing my dilemma, invited me to join a party

for whom he was seeking transportation to Gettysburg. I gladly availed myself of his offer, and, after having waited nearly a day, we found ourselves seated, or rather reclining, on bags of forage, very near the canvas covering of a huge Government wagon, one of a train going to the front—a conveyance which we thought ourselves fortunate to obtain. When the train halted for the night, we found lodgings at a farm-house, and the next day I found my division hospital near the battle-field, five miles from Gettysburg. There, lying along a little stream, and spread out over the adjacent fields and hills, were our wounded men, their sufferings increased by want of food and clothing. Agents of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, men and women who had come for the emergency, medical officers and soldiers detailed for hospital duty, were all hard at work. My programme for a day at Gettysburg was to rise as early as possible in the morning, and send out everything that was available in the way of food to the wounded. An item for one morning was a barrel of eggs, and as it was impossible to cook them all, they were distributed raw, the men who had the use of their hands making little fires in front of their tents, and boiling them in tin-cups, for themselves and their disabled comrades. Breakfast being over, I would ride to the town, and gather up everything in the way of sanitary supplies that I could get, from the Sanitary and Chris-

tian Commissions, the large and generously filled storehouse of Adams Express Co., or any quarter where they could be obtained. I would take butter, eggs, and crackers by the barrel, dried fish by the half kentle, and fresh meat in any quantity, and, having seen them loaded on an army wagon, would return in my ambulance, which was well filled with lighter articles, in time to give some attention to dinner. The remainder of the day would be devoted to the distribution of such stimulants as egg-nog and milk punch,—which would be prepared in large buckets, and served to the patients in little tin-cups,—or supplying them with clothing, pocket-handkerchiefs, cologne, bay rum, anything that could be had to alleviate their sufferings.

The way to Gettysburg, from our hospital was through the country which had so lately been a broad battle-field,—over which our army had been repulsed, and, in their turn, had driven the rebels with great slaughter. All along the way were mementos of the fight—torn garments, haversacks and canteens that had fallen away from their owners, dead horses from which the stench was intolerable, lines of breastworks sometimes coming close to the road on each side, mounds where batteries had been planted, heaps of fence rails or stones, from behind which sharp-shooters, singling out the most conspicuous of the enemy, and taking deliberate aim, had picked off their victims without danger to

themselves; near the town, on our left, the cemetery, torn and ploughed up with heavy missiles, still lying around in the midst of broken monuments. Farther on our left, Round Top, the pivot on which the fate of the battle had turned.

Thus passed nearly six weeks at Gettysburg, with little variation in the daily routine, save that which came from urgent claims of special cases of suffering, which, indeed, were many. Men with both hands amputated or disabled, who would eat nothing unless I gave the food with my own hands; men discouraged and desponding from loss of limbs, and painfulness of wounds, to whom a few cheerful or playful words would do good like a medicine; men dying, to whom a few words of sympathy and encouragement as to the future were so precious.

One little incident, somewhat out of the usual line of work, which occurred at Gettysburg, I will relate here, not for any special importance in itself, but because I have seen it incorrectly stated in print, and as illustrating the power of moral suasion — shall I say *woman suasion*? — in army life. A soldier, greatly excited, rushed, one day, into my tent, and begged me to come a little distance down a hillside, and stop a fight between two men, where, if something of the kind was not quickly done, there was likely to be a murder. Without a moment's thought I ran to the spot, where was the humiliating spectacle of two of our men, their faces already

bloody and swollen, grappling and fisty-cuffing each other with the fury of wild beasts, while a dozen or more of their comrades, standing around, were urging on the fight. No sooner had I laid my hand on one, and uttered a few words of surprise and shame at their unsoldierly conduct, than they drew off from one another, and relinquished the fight, though not without mutterings of future vengeance; and I afterwards heard that one of them deprecated the interference of *the woman*, which prevented the full punishment he was intending. I attribute the success of this effort solely to the fact of my being a woman, and believe that it was not so much my personal presence as the suggestion of some mother, wife, or sister, far away, that tamed their ferocity, and shamed them out of their bloody purpose.

My chief embarrassment at Gettysburg was the want of a stove, and all suitable means of cooking. My only resort in that line, with the exception of a chafing-dish, heated with a spirit-lamp, that I had brought from Washington, was to a fire in the open air on the hillside, over which were stretched long poles, resting at the ends on upright stakes. On the poles were suspended great camp-kettles and caldrons, where were cooked rations for from a thousand to fifteen hundred men. In my distress at seeing so many wants in the way of special diet that could not be met, I went to the town, and hav-

ing found that a nice stove could be purchased there, I made application to the quartermaster of the post, and received from him a promise to buy the stove, and furnish for it immediate transportation, provided I would send him a requisition to that effect from the surgeon-in-chief of the division, approved by the chief medical officer of the corps hospital. This was easily done, and I was rejoicing in the hope of this valuable acquisition, when, to my dismay, the requisition was returned disapproved by the medical director of the post. I then went to this officer, represented our great need, and begged him to approve the requisition. But I might as well have appealed to a rock. He was going, he said, to receive some stoves from Baltimore for the general hospital, which was to be established at Gettysburg, and he would loan me one of them; but when the stoves came they were not adapted to our use, and so time and opportunity slipped by, while scores of our men were dying daily, and my tent filled with supplies which could not be suitably cooked.* Our men were also suffering for want of sheets, the coarse army blankets being their only defence against the flies, and these were terrible on their wounds in the hot weather. I have seen men, with both hands disabled, crying in helpless agony from the tortures of these merci-

* Another effort to purchase a stove from our hospital fund was frustrated in the same manner.

less little insects. When I entreated the medical director to furnish us some sheets from the Government stores, he put me off with the excuse that he would need them all for the new hospital which was to be; and not a sheet could be obtained for our division hospital save a few that I begged from the Sanitary and Christian Commissions.

I do not mention this conduct of the chief medical officer at Gettysburg as an illustration of the way in which our efforts to alleviate the sufferings of our wounded soldiers were generally seconded by surgeons and other officers, for the majority, so far as my observation extended, were kind-hearted and sympathizing, appreciating the difficulties we had to encounter, and aiding us as they could,—but it does illustrate a phase of the difficulties to which women working in our military hospitals were *liable*.

CHAPTER V.

MUTATIONS.

IT was the middle of September, 1863. The three brigades constituting the First Division, Third Corps, of the Army of the Potomac, were pleasantly encamped on three hills around Sulphur Springs, Virginia. There had been no fighting of importance since the battle of Gettysburg, in the early part of July, and the soldiers of the division were slowly recruiting after their hard summer's campaign—their thoughts going wearily back to long days of marching over dusty roads under a merciless sun, or to "Devil's Den," "Little Round Top," and "Peach Orchard," where so many of their comrades had perished.

General D. B. Birney, division commander, grave and dignified, as usual, with his staff of gay, young officers, held his division head-quarters on the grounds around the springs, which in happier days had been one of the most popular watering-places in Virginia.

But mirth and festivity had given place to desolation and decay.

The large hotel, of capacity to accommodate fifteen hundred guests, had been demolished,—it

was said, by Sigel's soldiers,—and creeping roses trailed over the shattered walls, and around the broken pillars which had supported the roof of the portico. Across the way stood "Rowdy Hall"—which, as its name implies, had been especially dedicated to the bacchanalian revels of the scions of Southern chivalry, but at the time of which I write used as a hospital for our sick and wounded soldiers. A semi-circular row of little cottages, fast falling to decay, running from the large hotel, fronted on the lawn, which, ornamented with magnificent old trees, and intersected by pretty walks, descended gradually to the principal spring. Here a little octagonal edifice, which covered the spring, was gray and mouldy, the walls of the cistern were cracked and falling in, and a statue had fallen from its pedestal. But the water, strongly as ever impregnated with sulphur, was clear and sparkling, and along the walks which led to it, officers and privates were continually passing and repassing, or reclining in little groups under the trees.

General Birney's head-quarter tents were pitched in a grove on the edge of the lawn; his table for himself and staff officers was spread under a "fly," and while they regaled themselves with the choicest supplies of the head-quarter sutler, the best band of the division, stationed at a short distance, entertained them with charming music.

Each regiment, scattered "over the hills and far

away," had its tent hospital, where many poor fellows, no longer able to resist the combined influences of fatigue and homesickness, languished on narrow bunks and straw beds,—some soon to die, others to arise from these sick beds and go to meet death in "The Wilderness," or in front of Petersburg.

Aided by the friendly offices of Dr. Lyman, surgeon-in-chief of the division, who, I grieve to say, was afterwards, as lieutenant-colonel, killed at Fort Fisher, it was my privilege daily to visit these hospitals, riding in an ambulance from one to another, looking in on our sick and discouraged men, so far from home and loved ones, and taking to them whatever of nourishing food or stimulant I could procure from Sanitary or Christian Commission. Sanitary supplies were scarce at that time and place, and to obtain them I had to make frequent visits to Bealton Station, nine miles, or the pretty village of Warrenton, seven miles away. I remember returning once from the latter place with only one paper of corn-starch and half a bottle of brandy, yet these were well worth my ride of fourteen miles, as, in some case of dysentery, they might save a life.

But these pleasant, busy days were soon to end. One day I went by invitation to dine with General De Trobrian and his staff officers, at the headquarters of the brigade which he then commanded,

a mile or two away. It was an elegant dinner of nicely-cooked meats, pastry, fruit, and rich wines, set out in a long tent, with due accompaniments of white linen, glass, and silver. The General was affable, his subordinates in the best of spirits, and "all went merry as a marriage bell," until about five o'clock, when some sudden presentiment impelled me to return to division head-quarters. There, where a few hours before I had left the camp moving on with all the precision of military routine, I found, to my amazement, every sign of hurry and confusion.

Orders had come to pack up and march immediately. Tents were being folded. Papers, bottles, tin cans, and other *débris* of camp were scattered promiscuously around, where all had lately been neatness and good order.

Saddled horses were in waiting, orderlies running hither and thither, staff officers folding blankets and packing their valises, and just before the sun went down, General Birney, followed by his staff, rode forth from the beautiful camping-ground to place himself at the head of his division, which was already moving over the hills—one brigade being headed by General De Trobrian and his staff, with whom I had a few hours ago dined so leisurely.

I was to remain until the next day and come away with the ambulance train, which would take our hospital patients; and as many of the sick,

with their medical officers and attendants, had been transferred from the regimental hospitals to "Rowdy Hall," and so were my near neighbors, I felt no uneasiness at being left behind.

But at night, hardly had I composed myself for a quiet sleep on the stretcher, which served me for seat by day and bed by night, when I was awakened by a sudden din and rush, and tramping of many feet, mixed with sounds of multitudinous voices, and, running to the window, I saw that troops were pouring into the grounds, spreading themselves in all directions, and some were already kindling their little camp-fires, and boiling coffee in their black tin-cups. Having satisfied myself that they were Union soldiers, and that I had nothing to fear from them, I returned to my stretcher, but was soon electrified by a confused sound of rushing feet, voices, and rattling sabres in the adjoining room, which had just been vacated by the head-quarter clerks — and what should hinder them from breaking through the door into mine? After making hasty search for curiosities of literature among the papers left by my late clerical neighbors, they began to push against the door, which was barred only by the weight of my body on the stretcher. But a woman's timidity and weakness are sometimes her best protection; so raising myself a little, and putting my hand to the door, I said, "Please don't open this door, the room is occupied by a woman."

Had my voice been that of a demon, I am sure it could not have been more effectual, for no sooner had the words gone out of my mouth than my uninvited visitors rushed pell-mell from the cottage, and I heard the sound of their retreating steps and the clinking of their sabres far down the brick walk which ran by my door. In the morning I found they were a part of the Sixth Corps, marching from their camping-ground, near Warrenton, to join the main body of the army. Some of the officers, hearing of the night's disturbance in my quarters, came and apologized for their men, regretting that I had been annoyed by them.

I did not understand at the time, neither did they, the meaning of this general movement of troops, but I afterwards learned that it was the carrying out of Meade's plan for circumventing Lee, who had commenced a flanking movement on our right.

That day wore slowly away, but the train of ambulances, which we were constantly expecting, did not appear until towards night, when they came into camp, with orders to "park for the night!" So there could be no moving till the next day. During the night which intervened, the remainder of the Sixth Corps came up from Warrenton and bivouacked on our grounds, repeating the scenes of the former night, with still more of noise and commotion, though I was not personally molested. They began to move at four o'clock in the morning,

and by six the rear-guard passed out of our sight, leaving us outside the lines of our army, in a country infested by desperate bands of guerillas. These, as we afterwards learned, had already been plundering a sutler's stores at Fayetteville, between us and Bealton Station, and spent the night in the deserted camps of General De Trobrian's brigade. But now, to my infinite relief, the ambulance train came in sight, and preparations were made for moving. The sick men were brought out and placed in the ambulances. Then the hospital property must, according to orders, be loaded on a large army wagon, and nothing could move till that was ready to take the lead. I was already sitting in my ambulance, anxiously watching as the work went on, and waiting with impatience for the signal to move. At length the old, heavily loaded army wagon lumbered along to the front, and the ambulances one after another falling into line, we jogged on, just as leisurely as though we were not within the enemy's lines, and no fierce guerillas watching us with covetous eyes. Never did a more defenceless train bring up the rear of a victorious army. We had no escort, and even the non-commissioned officer in charge of the train, and the mounted surgeons, were unarmed, save by a pistol or musket borrowed from sick men in the ambulances. After thus moving along about two miles there was a dead halt. The army wagon, with its heavy load,

had broken down, and we waited an hour before it could be put in readiness to go on. When, at length, we moved again, and came out of the timber land into the open country, we saw, in the edge of a belt of woods not far away, groups of horsemen in butternut clothing, taking observations of which we felt ourselves the unwilling subjects. A few miles farther on, the train stopped at a narrow stream to water the horses; and as I was exchanging a few words with the officer in command, who had just ridden up to my ambulance, the steward of the Fortieth "New York" came up, in great consternation, and begged me to hasten on, as information had been received from some colored people on the road that a band of guerillas, four hundred strong, was in pursuit, and would doubtless take all our fine horses, of which there were eighty in the train, if they did nothing worse. At this the officer galloped off, set the train in as rapid motion as the heavy wagon in front would permit, and having proceeded six miles farther without the attack which we every moment expected, we beheld, to our great joy, the white encampments of the Eleventh Army Corps, which, under General Howard, was guarding Rapahannock Station.

Here, as my occupation was, for the present, gone, I left the ambulances, intending to take the next train to Washington, with which there was then railroad communication. This, however, did

not start for several hours, and while I waited, an intelligent young civilian, who had charge of a telegraph station, offered me the hospitalities of his home, which was nothing more nor less than a railroad car. Here I sat until the welcome whistle sounded along the road, and, as the train stopped, was assisted to climb into the great box with sliding doors, dignified with the name of car. But here a new difficulty arose. There was no officer at Rappahannock Station who had authority to give me a pass, and without one the conductor refused to take me, even a few miles, to the next station, where, I assured him, I could get one. In vain I explained my position and urged the necessities of the case. In vain, a kind-hearted staff officer, wearing the badge of the Sixth Corps, interceded for me. The inexorable conductor rudely pulled me out of the car, threw out my valise, gave the accustomed signal, and the train whisked off, leaving me standing astounded and alone by the roadside. My friend of the telegraph, seeing that something had gone wrong, came to the rescue, took up my valise, and assured me that I should be safe in his car till he could telegraph for a pass to General Howard, whose head-quarters were nine miles away. So, remounting the car, a telegram was sent, to which there was an instant response, with an order to the commander of the post to give me a pass to Washington. But there would

be no train till the next day, and I was thrown upon the hospitality of my new friends for the night. Fortunately for me, their kindness was equal to the emergency. Several of "our boys in blue" dropped in during the evening, and seeing my dilemma, a council of war was held in one corner of the car, the result of which was an A tent pitched alongside, its top being about even with the floor of the car. In this, when I retired for the night, I found that, by the skilful arrangement of boxes, blankets, and rubber cloths, a comfortable bed had been improvised, where I passed the night without anxiety, though sleep was somewhat disturbed by the crying of mules, neighing of horses, the monotonous din of human voices, and other sounds familiar to camp life. Notwithstanding a heavy rain during the night, my garments were kept quite dry by an abundance of rubber blankets spread on the ground, and disposed around generally. In the morning, my generous host opened his mess-chest and produced therefrom a loaf of army bread and plenty of hard-tack, of which, as well as of the black coffee in the inevitable tincup, I partook with an excellent relish, after which, armed with my pass, which no rude conductor dare gainsay or resist, I was kindly assisted to mount the morning train of huge boxes bound to Washington.

CHAPTER VI.

LOOKING FOR THE FIFTH CORPS.

DURING nearly all the month of October, 1863, the Army of the Potomac was on the move, and field hospitals broken up. It had, however, been suggested to me by Colonel — afterwards General — Chamberlain, then commanding a brigade of the Fifth Corps, that there was much need of such work as I could do in the regimental hospitals of his command, and having heard that the corps was at Fairfax Station, fifteen miles from Washington, I took the cars from Maryland avenue, one pleasant morning towards the last of the month, expecting, after an hour's ride, to find Col. Chamberlain, and confer with him on hospital work for his brigade. In the car — where a lady was fortunate if she could secure for a seat a box, or the knapsack of some friendly soldier — I was glad to meet Mr. Shaw of the Christian Commission, of whom the last I had heard was that he was one of a party captured by a band of Moseby's guerillas. He was soon after recaptured by some of our own troops, and was now on his way to Fairfax Station, where was one of the great chapel tents of the Commission. On our arrival, we found that the

Fifth Corps had moved, but in charge of the chapel tent were my friends Mr. Charles W. Jenkins and Mr. Williams, who welcomed me both to the hospitalities of their tent and a participation in the care of some wounded cavalry-men, lying on the floor of a little wooden church near by. As I might be obliged to spend several days here before I could find means of reaching the Fifth Corps, a private apartment was improvised by partitioning off a corner of the tent with blankets stretched on stakes, and with the help of other blankets spread on the ground, I was nicely domiciled.

After a few days, I heard that the Fifth Corps was at Gainesville, and at noon took a down train for that place. At Manassas Junction we were detained by one of those incomprehensible difficulties which sometimes occur on military roads, and had ample time to look out over the plains which had been the scene of so much hard fighting, and far away to the fortified heights of Centreville; while some soldier boys in the car kindly helped to beguile the tedious hours by songs, such as "Who will care for mother now?" "When this cruel war is over," etc.

So the afternoon wore away, and considering the inconvenience of being dropped down alone and unprotected in the night at Gainesville, then the temporary base of our army, I availed myself of an upward train to return to my friends at Fairfax.

It was late when I reached the station, but the full moon showed me the way over the hills to the tent, where I found a cheerful welcome, and the much-needed food and rest. After another day at the tent, having received *positive information* that the Fifth Corps was at Gainesville, I again took the downward train, having previously sent a request to Col. Chamberlain to send an ambulance for me to the station. Arrived at Gainesville, the rain was falling in torrents, the roads were almost impassable by reason of mud, and there was the usual crowd of men, horses, wagons, and tents, that one sees around an army base. Looking cheerlessly around, I could see no ambulance that seemed waiting for me, and seeing a telegraph office near by, I went in to make inquiry. There I learned that the Fifth Corps had left Gainesville and gone out towards Warrenton; their precise destination was not known, but an orderly was just going to the head-quarters of the Corps, and would take any message that I wished to send to Col. Chamberlain. I therefore wrote a hasty note to the Colonel, handed it to the orderly, and sat down in the telegraph office, which was also the railroad station, to await an answer.

Oh, those weary hours in the stations of military railroads, where crowds are continually coming and going, but not those you wish to see, though you are conscious that each new-comer gives you a searching glance, wondering if you are a spy, or what can be a lady's business there.

Noticing women at work in an adjoining room, I knocked at the door, hoping to obtain food and shelter, but was unsuccessful. Towards night, a young man in the office kindly accosted me with the very practical question —

“Are you not hungry?”

“Yes; but I can get nothing to eat here.”

“Oh,” said he, “there will be no trouble about that. Come with me, and I will introduce you to the landlady.”

So giving him my name and vocation, I gladly followed him to the room whence I had been repulsed with the assurance that nothing eatable was to be had, and where several officers were seated at a table bountifully spread. The landlady seeing me so well vouched for, consented that I should partake of her supper on condition of paying before leaving the table.

Late in the evening the orderly returned, and I was informed that, instead of giving my note to Col. Chamberlain, he had left it with the mail at Corps head-quarters, and it would be forwarded through the *regular channel*, by way of Washington.

I had now got so far into the good graces of the landlady's two grown-up daughters as to be allowed, through their intercession, to occupy, at an exorbitant price, a small room for the night. The next day it continued to rain, and I sat at the window, watching our soldiers around their fires, to

make which they seized on every combustible within reach. I felt grieved for my hostess when I saw her garden-fence, her young trees and shrubbery, her wash-tubs, rubbing-boards, benches, all go to feed the flames, while the men, in rubber blankets and slouched hats, were cowering around the friendly warmth, and boiling coffee in their black tin-cups. Now and then a body of troops, passing through the town, would come up, make a short halt, and then move on through the pouring rain.

The day wore slowly away. I could neither communicate with my friend of the Fifth Corps, nor—a railroad bridge having been washed away by the rain—go back to Washington.

The next day, however, was clear, and the young man who had been my sponsor with the landlady, kindly sent a telegram for me to Washington, asking where *was* the Fifth Corps. The question was telegraphed from Washington to army head-quarters at Warrenton, and the answer sent back to Washington, and thence to us, that the Fifth Corps was lying between Gainesville and Warrenton, five miles from us. Just then, Dr. Weidman, of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, came in. He was in charge of a train of ambulances, which had come from the Rapidan with wounded cavalrymen, and the body of Major Taggart, mortally wounded in a recent fight. He was now about returning, and would pass through the camping

ground of the Fifth Corps, and kindly offered to place one of his ambulances at my disposal. Hoping that I might accomplish the object I had in view, I gladly availed myself of the offer, and was soon moving along with the train over roads made fearfully bad by heavy rains. As we came near the place which had been indicated as the camping ground of the Fifth Corps, the Doctor, saying that he would ride on and find Col. Chamberlain's headquarters, put spurs to his horse and galloped away, but after awhile returned with the information that all of the Corps, save one brigade, had moved—none knew where—and the remaining brigade was *not* the brigade commanded by Col. Chamberlain.

It was now nearly night, and growing cold, but my only alternative was, in accordance with the Doctor's advice, to go on with the train until we reached Meade's headquarters at Warrenton, where I had friends who would provide for me.

As we passed through the pretty town, I looked in vain for signs of military encampments, but relied on the Doctor to give the order for halting at the proper place. But on and on we went, the long train winding slowly through the town, out into the open country, mile after mile, with no word of halt, when at length the Doctor rode up to the ambulance, and asked the driver, "Where did you leave the lady?" He was shocked, and seemed really distressed when he found the lady was still

in the ambulance, and with many apologies, explained that he had been detained in the town by the unexpected meeting of friends, but supposed that I would stop the ambulance at army headquarters.

I, on my part, with some mortification, explained that I had looked in vain for head-quarters, or camps of any kind, and that as stopping one ambulance would involve a halt of the whole train, I did not feel at liberty to give the order. I begged him, however, not to give himself any uneasiness about me, as, in such an emergency, I could — as I had done before — spend the night in the ambulance. That, he said, he would not venture, as we were going to the outpost of cavalry pickets, on the Rapidan, where, a few nights before, had been a fight, and where they might be again attacked at any moment. He could not send an ambulance back now, but as soon as we should reach camp, would give me fresh horses, and send me back to Warrenton.

It was night when we arrived at the camp, where the figures of cavalry-men grouped around their fires, amid the thickets and underbrush that skirted the river, made many a weird picture; but the Doctor was too thoughtful of my safety to allow me much time for reconnoitring a post which had never before been inspected by a lady. He ordered fresh horses and another driver for the ambulance, and

just as the moon was rising, we left the camp. The distance to Warrenton was about nine miles, the evening clear and cold; the cavalry pickets posted along the line were out of our sight, and as we rode over the open country alone, we were constantly looking out for guerillas. Now and then we would be challenged by a soldier, musket in hand, but he always proved to be of the Union army, and let us pass on. I felt more anxiety for my driver than for myself, for he carried with him the proceeds of the last pay day, and falling into the hands of guerillas would involve the loss of several months' earnings. But we passed safely over the lonely road, and on reaching the head-quarters of the provost-marshal, General Patrick, I was soon safely provided for. Here, with many thanks, I dismissed my driver, who told me, when I met him several months after, that he returned safely to camp.

The house to which I was sent was that of Dr. Fisher, of the Confederate army. In the parlor I met Captain Baily, of the Seventh New York Regiment, who was, I heard, shortly afterwards killed in battle. The family had retired for the night, but a pretty white slave waited on me, and I was at once made comfortable. It was a fine house, a little out of the town, standing on an eminence, from whence sloped in all directions beautiful green fields. Our troops were bivouacked on the grounds. The fences had been destroyed, and officers' tents were pitched in

the midst of the pretty flower-garden, horses were picketed to the young fruit-trees, and our soldiers had broken open the outhouses and cellar and taken every eatable that they could lay their hands on. These were dark days for poor Mrs. Fisher. Her only son was in Stuart's cavalry. Her husband, having been left by the rebel cavalry in charge of the post, had lingered too long, after our troops came in, without reporting to the provost-marshal, was arrested as a spy, and sent to the Old Capitol prison, in Washington, where I afterwards saw him, and gave him news of his family. Most of her slaves, of which she had possessed many, had run away, and she was compelled to witness the destruction of her property with no means of redress. These were inevitable results of the war which the South had waged for the dismemberment of the Republic, but the details were sad to see. But though Mrs. Fisher had little left for herself, she kindly shared that little with the stranger whom the enemy had quartered on her, and I in return interceded with a general officer for the protection of her property, and obtained for her some much needed supplies from our commissary.

I had learned at the provost-marshal's, that the Fifth Corps was at Auburn, six or seven miles from Warrenton, and was promised a wagon for the next morning to go there, but late in the day word came that they were hourly expecting orders to move,

and a wagon could not leave. I therefore walked to General Meade's head-quarters, the tents of which I could see from my chamber-window, and engaged passage for the next day in the mail-wagon. Long before I thought of rising in the morning, the colored-housekeeper came into my room and said the head-quarter tents were all taken away; and looking out I saw that the little white village of yesterday had disappeared. I was scarcely dressed when a messenger came to conduct me to the wagon, and I was soon moving with the head-quarter train, which, after going about seven miles, turned into an open field with orders to encamp. After watching for some time the process of setting up the tents, I asked a soldier if he could tell me how far it was to Auburn. "We left Auburn half a mile back," he said, and, to my surprise, added that the little white cottage and contiguous farm, which I had noticed as we passed, was Auburn. As it was within walking distance, he kindly offered to escort me to the place, and so, with difficulty making our way through the press of men, horses, wagons, etc., we walked back to the house. As I approached I saw signs of an officer's head-quarters on the premises, and on inquiry found, to my infinite relief, that the officer was none other than my friend, Colonel Chamberlain, in command of a brigade of the Fifth Corps, for which I had been so long looking.

I had been a few days at Mr. McCormick's, the owner of the pretty farm called Auburn, when the army moved again on their way to cross the Rappahannock. Having watched, from the door-step, the Fifth Corps pass by until Colonel Chamberlain's brigade came up, and seen him mount his horse and take his position at its head, I took leave of the friendly family at Auburn, and once more in the mail-wagon, "fell in" with the head-quarter train. This time we moved only a few miles, to the farm of Colonel Murray, an officer on General Lee's staff. I was pleasantly entertained for several days by Mrs. Murray, when, finding that the reëstablishment of field-hospitals was postponed to an indefinite future, I concluded to return to Washington. The Orange and Alexandria Railroad had been torn up by the rebels, but was now put in repair by our troops, and an immensely long train of platform-cars — minus even the boxes — was in readiness to go at a late hour in the day. My seat was a pile of mail-bags on the open car, in the cold, dark evening, and so far in the rear that we could not see the lights of the engine. Now and then picket-fires, with weird pictures of soldiers standing or sitting around, would light us long enough to show that we were passing through some frightful gorge, and the next instant we would again be in total darkness. For alleviations, some gentlemen found an armful of straw, which they "happed"

around my feet, and strove, by every cheerful attention in their power, to make the journey tolerable. When I arrived at Alexandria, and was lifted off the car, I could not know by personal sensation whether I was still in possession of pedestrian powers or not, but being guided to the Sanitary Home, I soon regained sensation, and being kindly provided for, for the night, the next morning I crossed the Potomac, by ferry, to Washington.

CHAPTER VII.

WINTER-QUARTERS.

DURING the winter of 1863-4 our army had its base at Brandy Station, and was encamped in that vicinity. Our division hospital was established near the station, on a rising ground, and near a brick house, which furnished convenient quarters for the medical officers and the lady superintendent.

Our position overlooked in all directions a wide extent of country on which had been much hard fighting. The Hon. John M. Botts, who lived near, and on a portion of whose large estate the army was encamped, told us that, from the piazza of his house, he had witnessed over thirty battles.

But the contending armies were now in winter-quarters,—there could be no fighting of importance at present,—and our hospital work was confined to the care of the sick, of which the number that winter was not large. After the routine of the day was over, I would occasionally beguile the loneliness of the winter evenings with my long-neglected pen, writing out, by the dim light of our commissary candles, sketches of such incidents as had impressed themselves on my memory, of which

a few may be admitted here, as illustrating different phases of army life in winter-quarters.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

ON one of the closing days of autumn, 1863, the head-quarters of the Army of the Potomac broke camp at Auburn and moved to Colonel Murray's farm, about two miles from Warrenton Junction. The head-quarters' moving, though not so grand or striking a spectacle as you will often see in military life, is still quite imposing, and by no means destitute of "the pomp and circumstances of glorious war."

Altogether, it is as long a procession as the eye can take in at once, consisting of the baggage-wagons and private carriages of the Generals and other officers belonging to this department, accompanied by their battle-flags, a heavy escort of cavalry, a regiment of infantry, wagons belonging to the subsistence department, and, at this time, a long line of rebel prisoners, marching under guard. We moved along slowly over the hills, through the wooded country, but soon emerged on the plains of Bristow, where had recently been fought the battle which gave to Meade, instead of Lee, the coveted heights of Centreville, and to General Warren the laurels which designate him "Hero of Bristow Station."

Yet, as we passed along, my attention was ar-

rested by a little scene, which forms a picture in memory, never to be effaced. Just off to the right, a short distance over the brown plain, was a soldier's grave, newly made, and, ranged along, side by side, bowed on reversed muskets over the grave of their comrade, four soldiers, apparently engaged in prayer. They had turned aside from the weary march, and there, unmindful of the gay procession passing by, with heads bowed low, and solemn countenances, gave a few moments to communion with heaven, and a few tears to the sleeper below.

Did they think, in those moments, of breaking hearts far away, yearning with vain desire to kneel by that lonely grave? Were they recalling the fearful engagements in which they and the fallen hero had fought side by side, and crying out in their hearts, "Such is the price we pay for human freedom!" "So much it costs to secure to our children the blessing of a stable government!" Or were they anticipating other battles, speedily approaching, and wondering if they would be the next to fall, and who would be left to pray over their graves? I know not what were *their* thoughts, but these, and many others, rushed upon my mind, and I, too, gave a tear to the solitary grave.

Yes, this was a solitary grave, but on many hillsides and in many valleys of Virginia you may find them, "strewn thick as autumn's leaves in Vallambrosa's brook."

There sleep our brothers and our sons, the best we had to give, the costliest sacrifice we could offer on the altar of our country.

Their last battle is fought, their last march ended, their last bivouac is made. They sleep well in that deep slumber from which no bugle-call or sound of any kind can awake them, until the loud reveille which shall "shake not the earth only, but also heaven."

But who can number the tears that flow, or the hearts that break with longing for the sight of those who shall return no more? What eye, save that which comprehends immensity, can measure a nation's grief, as, like the foot-worn soldier, she bows over the graves of her fallen sons, and, from the depth of her anguish, cries out, "Such is the price we pay for Human Freedom!"

ON A STRETCHER.

WHEN our Colonel's wife came to camp, last winter, she expected to have a good time of it.

Our Colonel had had his quarters arranged in the best camp style. A nice plank-pavement all around, wherever she might choose to walk; trees planted so thickly about the tent that you would almost take it for a natural forest; a pretty archway of green boughs at the entrance, with the red diamond of the division in the centre, and everything about the premises quite *au fait*.

Within, all was cozy and comfortable—the walls splendidly illuminated with pictures from *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Magazine*, good board-floor, plenty of chairs and boxes, on which the Colonel's numerous friends could sit around the capacious fire-place and gaze on the ever-consuming, but never consumed, "secesh" logs, or, if of an inquisitive turn, look into the little inner sanctuary, just big enough for a bed, and to turn around in.

We were all glad when our Colonel's wife came among us, for the presence of a lady in camp is always welcome, and though we cannot all have our wives to winter with us, the sight of one seems to bring home nearer.

Camp life is not always destitute of amusement, and, last winter, everybody said it was very gay. There were plenty of balls and receptions, and visiting from one camp to another, riding on horseback, or in ambulances, for many other officers besides our Colonel had their wives with them; and, although we were not within the charmed circle, we could see, as we paced our beat, or stood on guard, or lingered at the door of our tent, a good deal of what was going on. We knew when our Colonel's wife got her new riding-dress and hat from Washington, and saw her when she first mounted her horse for a ride. Often afterwards, we watched the gay cavalcade, of which she was one, galloping over the hills, and vowed that, if ever "this cruel

war is over," our nice little wife shall have just such a riding-dress and hat, and we will have a ride if two horses can be found in the country.

So the winter was nearly over, and our Colonel's wife had enjoyed her share of whatever amusement the Army of the Potomac had to offer.

But there was one experience she little thought to encounter still in store for her, and that was — being carried on a stretcher.

It was brought about in this wise. She had taken several rather hard rides on horseback, to which she was not much accustomed, sometimes in cold, windy days, and on fast horses, and being rather ambitious, and not willing to give up, when prudence might have dictated rest, she, all at once, and quite contrary to her plans, found herself on the sick roll.

Being sick in camp is no joke, and least like one to the lady in question. But sleepless nights and days, and pains in the back and head, and constant nausea, are stubborn facts, to which the stoutest heart must cry, "I surrender." So, with all the Colonel's good nursing, and the doctor's prescriptions, and visits from sympathizing friends, "she was nothing better, but rather grew worse;" and right upon this an order came for our division to change camp.

Military orders make no exceptions, and hard as it might seem in this state of things, the cozy quar-

ters must be evacuated, and new ones sought in a camp three miles distant.

The lady's illness had reached a point when, indeed, it might be said, "the spider's most attenuated thread is cord, is cable, to the slender hold" she had on life, and the slightest jar might snap the thread, and then all would be over. Riding in an ambulance over the rough roads and corduroy bridges, was an experiment not in the least desirable, and the only other resort which camp afforded was a stretcher.

Our stretcher-bearers are sufficiently accustomed to bearing wounded and dead men from the field, or sick men to and from the hospital. But a lady on a stretcher is something quite unique. Eight men, making four reliefs, were detailed to accomplish the delicate task, and with infinite care and tenderness, our Colonel's wife was laid on the ominous little vehicle, to commence her new method of transportation. The Colonel, with several friends, accompanied the party on horseback, and six of the men took their turns in going ahead as pioneers, to select the smoothest places.

"Is that a dead man!" "Oh, that is a woman! Is she dead, or what's the matter with her?"

These questions being asked by stragglers in the hearing of the lady, were not much calculated to raise her spirits and facilitate her convalescence.

The removal, however, was accomplished with

much less disadvantage than was feared, and now that she is restored to health, she looks back upon it as rather a gay adventure, and declares that she outdid the Colonel on some points of military experience, since he, in all his three years' term of service, had never been carried on a stretcher.

THE RECONNOISSANCE.

THEY have gone, they have all passed by, nothing can be seen of them now but a long line of flashing bayonets, passing close under the brow of yonder hill. First went a few miles of cavalry (interspersed with batteries of artillery), the rattling of whose sabres always announce their approach before you hear the tramp of their horses. If you happen to be near them as they pass, you will hear them jesting in merry tones, or singing snatches of rollicking songs. They go out ready to do or die, and whatever else happens, you may be pretty sure that the cavalry will not disgrace us. Next went their ambulances, painfully suggestive of broken limbs, fearful sabre gashes, and bullet holes through the lungs; worse things than these sometimes, but we must not think of them now. Then their train of baggage and supply wagons winding along for several miles, and this is the last we see of the cavalry.

A few hours pass, and looking far away over the hills we see a long, dark line in motion, and experi-

ence tells us that it is a body of infantry. As they come out of the shadow of the hill, their bayonets begin to gleam, so that now, in the sunshine, they look like a line of blazing light, and come pouring on, officers riding at the head of their commands, colors and battle-flags waving on the air, some of them pierced and torn almost to shreds, but borne all the more proudly, and guarded the more sacredly for that. Presently, other columns, from other camps and winding around other hills, come on, but all moving in one direction. Where they are going, or for what, nobody knows. As they come nearer, you see that many of them have attached to their knapsack-straps, tincups, frying-pans, tin-pails, coffee-pots, and some a loaf of bread on their bayonets. They seem in good spirits, and, like the cavalry, are singing and joking. But under all this appearance of alacrity you may be sure there is hidden much anxiety, and, in many hearts, a fearful looking forward,—for, my friend, you who sit so quietly smoking your cigar, as you read the newspaper account of the last great battle, it is no easier for these poor fellows to go out from their shelter-tents to die than it would be for you to go out from your counting-room or your law office. “Glorious fellows!” exclaimed the General, as a part of his command was marching by. He was thinking how gallantly they had behaved on many a fiercely-contested field, and how well he might rely

on them to follow wherever he should lead in future. "Poor fellows!" said, at the same moment, a woman in sympathizing tones. She was thinking of fearful sights in crowded hospitals, cruel wounds, amputated limbs, pale faces, and brave, faithful hearts, worn out with excess of anguish.

So they pass along for many hours, and after them come their trains of ambulances, baggage and supply wagons, and, lastly, a herd of cattle, proportioned in numbers to the rations they are to serve. Now, at length, they are all gone. The camps are like deserted cities, for they have left their huts and tents standing, hoping to come back to them. A few soldiers, unfit for a march, are walking around, or lying under their tents. Here and there you may see smoke lazily ascending, but the atmosphere is relieved of that dense body of smoke that usually hangs over camp. The stillness is painful. We sit down mournfully, and wonder where our friends are gone, and what is on the *tapis* now; for dear and noble souls have gone out to-day, and many such we have seen go out to return no more. In our hearts we pray for them, and then look out to see what signs of the weather, and hope it will not rain. At night we think of guerillas. We know that our picket line is thin, and that a treacherous and unscrupulous foe is always going about seeking what he may "gobble." Our sleep, if we get any, is light, and often broken by anxiety. We

dream of battle-fields, rebel cavalry, and journeys to Richmond. In the morning we hear a distant cannonading, but we are not startled by it. It may be fighting, or it may be only shelling the woods as they advance. We judge of its distance and direction by the sound. Sometimes it seems to come from the right, sometimes from the left, and sometimes from both directions at once. It continues at intervals through the day, though growing more distant. As the day wears on, a courier comes in and reports our friends. We are relieved to know that they have had no fighting yet, and are doing better than we feared.

But now a new cause of anxiety arises, for the weather, which was fine when they marched out, is changing, and ominous gusts of wind and rain-bearing clouds force themselves on our observation. We try to think we are mistaken, and look earnestly for patches of blue sky, and gleams of sunshine, but they are not there. Soon a starless, dismal night sets in, with drizzling rain. Oh, the pitiless storm! What can our friends do, with no shelter but their blankets, and no bed but the soft soil under them. The rain seems to beat on our naked hearts, and we are abandoned to fearful anxiety, for there is not only exposure to the weather, but danger that, the ground being softened by the rain, their progress will be obstructed and their plans defeated, or that the enemy will get advantage of them.

But all our fears we know cannot help them, so we strive to commit them to the care of that Providence which rules over all, and to hope for the best.

In the morning, going to the hospital, we observe a new patient, and are pained to see that it is a case of extreme suffering. The eyes are partly closed, an expression of mortal anguish is on his face, his respiration labored and irregular.

"Whom have you here, nurse?"

"He is a man of our division, ma'am, who went on the march, but gave out by the way, and they sent him back in an ambulance. He was very bad when he came in, and he has been growing worse ever since."

The next day, the fourth since the march, is clear and fine. Our friends return without fighting, and we learn that it was only a reconnoissance. The soldier in the hospital is dead, and we join the little escort that follows him to his long home.

There, on the hillside, along with many that went before, and whose graves are marked with simple head-boards bearing the inscription of their names and regiments, his grave is prepared, and the brown coffin lowered in. "I am the resurrection and the life" is read over it, a prayer is said, a salute fired, and he adds one more to the buried soldiers with which the soil of Virginia is so thickly strewn.

Poor fellow, he was a recruit, and this was his first and last march.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAVALRY CORPS HOSPITAL, CITY POINT.

EARLY in the spring of 1864, General Grant took command of the Army of the Potomac, and preparations were made for breaking up the base at Brandy Station and for a vigorous campaign. In pursuance of an order from head-quarters, there was a general flight of women to Washington.

When I next found my division hospital it was at Fredericksburg, Va., after the battle of the Wilderness, May 5th, 6th, and 7th. It would be in vain to attempt a description of the scenes of suffering that crowded on one another there, as our wounded were brought back from the hard fighting of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania. The entire city was turned into a hospital, and the houses were literally filled, from garret to cellar, with our patient, dying soldiers.

Thence the Hospital Department was ordered to Port Royal — which was made a base during the fighting at the North Anna River — and thence to White House Landing, on the Pamunkey. Here we remained for several weeks; the wounded were brought in from the battle of Cold Harbor, and our hospitals were established, and again filled with every

conceivable form of suffering. By this time, General D. B. Birney, on whose protection and kindness I had so long relied, was transferred to another command.

The old and honored Third Corps, which had so many times stood in the deadly breach, hurling back the tide of invasion that threatened to overwhelm us, was consolidated into the Third Division of the Second Corps. Many of the surgeons with whom I had worked, and other officers, who had been my friends, had left the service at the expiration of their three years' term, or fallen in the recent battles. Finding but few of my old friends remaining, I accepted an invitation from Dr. Mitchell, of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, who was in charge of the hospital of the Cavalry Corps, to undertake the supervision of special diet, and other matters pertaining to the welfare of his patients.

While we remained at White House, and for some months after our removal to City Point, I was assisted by Mrs. M. A. Ehler, of Lancaster, Pa., whose devotion to the welfare of the wounded there, and in Gettysburg, is still warmly remembered by many who had the good fortune to be the recipients of her kindness.

A few extracts from my journal will, perhaps, give the reader some little idea of our work and manner of life at the Cavalry Corps Hospital, where I remained till March 1st, 1865.

CITY POINT, VA., October 16, 1864.

I was alone in my tent this afternoon, when the flap was drawn aside, and a pleasant-looking soldier boy inquired if Mrs. Spaulding was here.

"She is staying here, but just now has gone out. Do you wish to see her?"

"She is my mother."

I stepped outside the tent to show him the direction he should take to find her, and saw that she was hurrying towards us.

A delegate of the Christian Commission, who was at the front yesterday, had kindly promised to bring her tidings of her boy; and as she was on her way to learn the result of his inquiries, the sentinel at the entrance of the hospital grounds, having ascertained that the young infantry soldier was her son, told her that he had just passed in, and she quickly returned.

He went to meet her, and mother and son, after a separation of two years of danger, hardship, and sorrow, were united in a tearful embrace. Mrs. Spaulding had given four sons to the service of the country. They were all good soldiers, and had shirked no duty, either of the march, skirmish, picket, or heavy engagement. Imbued by their mother with a noble spirit of patriotism, and obedience to any well-defined duty, they had borne in their own persons the brunt of battle, and had shared the burdens and heat of the day; one, reduced to a

skeleton by sickness, following exposure and toil, had gone home to die. Just a year from the day of his death, another had died in our hospital. He was one of those whose energies were exhausted by the heavy cavalry raids of the present campaign. After he came to us, he did not seem to suffer from severe illness, and was always cheerful and hopeful of recovery; but little by little his strength departed, until at last the flickering flame of life went suddenly out. A third is now serving in Florida, and the fourth has to-day come from the front, near Richmond, to see his mother. For two years he has been a soldier, suffering much, as all our soldiers do at times, with cold and hunger and weariness, yet always keeping up a stout heart, and constantly writing to his mother to be of good cheer. During all this time he has not met either of his brothers, excepting for a few moments, in our hospital, the one who lately died. Now he sits down once more with his mother, it may be for the last time; and they speak tearfully of the past, and not without anxiety of the future. He tells her of comrades, some of them old playfellows from the same town, killed in battle. Of one poor fellow shot at the picket post after his term of service had expired, and says of him, "Tell his mother that he was a good soldier." They speak of him who has lately passed away, and, after a while, go out to visit his grave. He lies in the little cemetery of

the hospital, just in the edge of the woods, near the bank of the Appomattox. There sleep more than a hundred of our cavalymen, who have died since we came here in June. They lie in rows as regular as those in which they lately stood on dress-parade, or when drawn out in line of battle. But time is precious, and they cannot linger long to weep at his grave, for the few hours of the son's furlough will soon pass. The mother walks with him a mile or two, to our first line of breastworks, where he insists that she shall not go farther, and takes leave of her, saying, "Do not fear for me, mother; if I die here, I will surely meet you in heaven." He takes under his arm a bundle which it had been my privilege to prepare for him,—shirt, drawers, socks, handkerchief, towel, canned-milk, tomatoes, and peaches, tea and tobacco, all tied up in a large colored handkerchief, which will be nice to muffle around his throat some of these cold nights when he has to stand on picket. They were invaluable to him; but he could hardly be persuaded to take them, lest, as he said, he "should be robbing the sick boys at the hospital." So, after this important era in his soldier life, he walks away to find his post of duty and danger, where, at any moment, the winged messenger of death may find him; for it sometimes happens to our poor fellows, lying near the entrenchments, that a stray shot or shell kills them while asleep in their quarters.

Intelligence having reached Mrs. Spaulding, at her home, in the northern part of the State of Maine, that a son was lying sick in the Cavalry Corps Hospital, she had come without delay to look after him; but finding, to her great grief, that he had been lying in the little cemetery five days, and seeing that there was much to do for the sons of other mothers who were far away, she forthwith sent her tears back to their fountains, and began to work for them, and soon became so much interested that she begged to be put on permanent duty in the hospital.

The patients were always glad to see her in the wards, because, as they would say to her, "You seem so much like my mother," "Your hand feels so much like my mother's hand;" and when she left for a few weeks, to go home and make preparations for a winter's campaign with us, they presented her with a purse of fifty dollars, to bear her expenses.

Oct. 22. — This afternoon one of the ward-masters looked into my tent, and said, "Jim is dead." He was a man to whom my attention was called when he came to the hospital, two or three weeks ago, as being a brave soldier, worthy of special consideration, and I have been much interested in his case.

His emaciated person, hollowed cheeks, and sharp features, indicated too plainly the nature of his disease. We hoped that something might be done to save him, but our efforts were unavailing,

and gradually he sank away. When I saw him this morning, he said, in reply to my questions, that he "felt quite well," and "could eat anything;" but his lips were then growing stiff, his limbs were cold, and in a few hours he was gone.

His friend told me that he was respectably connected, and the owner of quite a large property. That while he was out in the three months' service, at the commencement of the war, the young girl to whom he was pledged for marriage was lost to him through the treachery of one who had supplanted him in her affections.

From the time he had returned, and learned the facts, he seemed bent on one only purpose—that of meeting her seducer and inflicting on him punishment for his crime. The latter, becoming aware of his design, immediately left the place, and went to Washington. Thither Jim followed, and learning that the miscreant had enlisted in a Pennsylvania regiment, hesitated not to do the same. Before he could reach the regiment, intelligence came that the man whom he was seeking had been captured while on picket. Whether this was true, or whether, learning that the avenger was at hand, he had deserted to the enemy, was never known. Certain it is, however, that after three years of baffled effort, worn out with hard service and exposure in camp and field, added to the burden of mental anguish that he always bore, poor Jim came to our

hospital to die — the wreck of a once noble, generous-hearted man. A few days before his death, he had transmitted to friends a large sum of money for the poor girl's benefit, whom, with her child, he had maintained during his absence, though he had entirely relinquished the idea of marrying her.

Oct. 24. — Last evening I attended a soldier's prayer-meeting in one of the wards of our hospital. We have had many such during the past summer, and I have often wished that friends at home could look in upon them. Some, I think, would not object to exchange, for at least one evening, a seat in their nicely-cushioned pew, and gas-lighted church, for one on a box, or the side of a bed, in our dimly-lighted tents, the discourse of their favorite preacher for these fraternal exhortations, and the grand organ-notes in the stately hymn or loud-swelling anthem, for these voices in "Nearer, my God, to Thee," or "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?"

The meetings are conducted by hospital attendants and convalescents, and they have one nearly every evening, changing from one ward to another.

Last evening, when we entered, the services had commenced. The beds were so arranged as to leave a small vacant space in the centre of the ward, which consists of three hospital tents. On one side of this little square was a small table covered with rubber cloth; on the opposite side, a box covered with newspapers — reserved seats for the ladies;

while the men were seated throughout the ward on the beds. A large Bible was open on the table; two candles threw their light on its yellow pages, and the leader of the meeting was just beginning to read. Those sacred words of life and peace were not less precious that the sound of the reader's voice mingled with the roar of cannon a few miles distant, reminding us that the cruel strife is going on. The above-mentioned Bible possesses for us something of unusual interest. I had often noticed that it was quite difficult for the men to read in their little Testaments by candle-light, and one day had asked at the head-quarters of the Christian Commission if the entire Bible, and one of a larger print, could be obtained. They gave me this, the only one to be had, looking, in its old-fashioned calf binding, and antiquated lettering, as if it might have done service in the War of the Revolution, or been a passenger in the May-Flower. Yet, notwithstanding its advanced age, it was well preserved, with the exception of a few leaves missing at the beginning and the end, and had made its rounds from ward to ward a most welcome visitor, the source whence many a dying soldier had derived help and comfort.

During the progress of the meeting, one of the speakers, whose term of service had expired, being about to return to his home, spoke, with tears, of the Almighty goodness that had led him safely through

so many dangers, and hoped that his religious character had not deteriorated through the temptations of a soldier's life.

Another was about leaving the hospital to join his regiment at the front, and begged the prayers of his comrades that he might be faithful to duty, and prepared for any future that might await him.

At the close, the singers, standing around the bed-side of one near to death, sang "Rock of Ages," and several other hymns adapted to cheer and encourage the soul about to enter the dark valley.

This man did not call himself a Christian when he came to the hospital, but through the influence of these little meetings, and the good men who have attended him as nurses, hopes he has become one, and is dying peacefully.

Now that the weather is getting too cold for the open air Sabbath meetings which we have had in the summer, the men are fitting up an old building, which we hope may be used as a chapel, and thus afford to many of our cavalymen opportunities of hearing *the Word*.

Of our Sabbath exercises last summer, one in particular will not be forgotten by those present. It was the baptism of a soldier. The congregation, consisting of three or four hundred convalescents and attendants, was seated on the green in front of the surgeon's quarters. Far away in front, and

on the right, stretched the white hospital tents, relieved in the background by the dark pine forest, while on the left might be seen through the trees the waters of the Appomattox. The evening was delightful, and for once the artillery duel, which we generally heard at that hour near Petersburg, was omitted. The medical officers, and others here as patients, were seated under the head-quarters *fly*, from among whom the chaplain stepped towards the congregation, and after a brief address, and appropriate singing, administered the sacrament of baptism to the soldier kneeling before him, while the large flag of the hospital, with its crossed sabres, and the cavalry guidon floated over their heads. The words, "you promise to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil," never seemed more impressive than amid those peculiar surroundings. The scene was poetic beyond description, but let us hope that some impression deeper than poetry remained with the audience.

The Cemetery, enclosed by a neat fence, lies under the forest trees near by. It is kept in perfect order, and here, as they depart one by one out of this life, are deposited the bodies of our brave cavalrymen. To the kindred and friends of those who die here, it must be a satisfaction to know that they have Christian burial in this secluded and beautiful spot; and though the destiny which makes the last resting-place of their loved ones so far away may

seem severe, yet let them take comfort from the reflection that there is a way to heaven from the field-hospital, or even the battle-field, no less than from the luxurious city or quiet country home.

In our field-hospitals the nursing is done by the soldiers. Always after a battle, or a long march, many come in who are disabled by fatigue for duty in the regiment, and after a few days of rest in the hospital they are placed on the convalescent roll. They are then either returned to their regiments or put on duty in the wards. The hospital, consisting of tents or rough wooden buildings — sometimes both — is divided into several sections, to each of which one is detailed as ward-master, who selects his nurses, has supervision of the wards in his section, and is responsible for their neatness and good order, and the general treatment of the patients.

The tents and barracks are regularly arranged, and separated by streets, which, with all the grounds about the hospital, are kept perfectly clean by the police party, whose duty it is to remove whatever filth or rubbish may be scattered about.

As you go through the wards, especially the barracks or stockades, you will notice with pleasure the tasteful manner in which they are ornamented, giving them a cheerful, sometimes even beautiful, appearance.

Pictures cut from magazines and weeklies, neatly framed, hang on the walls; also mottoes expressing patriotic or religious sentiments, or the names

of their favorite generals. These are composed of letters cut from the foil which comes around tobacco, pasted on blue or yellow paper, and stretched on frames. The ceiling is festooned with tissue paper of various colors, cut in open work. Then there are chandeliers made by stringing together, or rather apart, several hoops of different sizes conically, wound with strips of red, blue, and yellow paper, and ornamented elaborately with paper flowers and leaves, in cutting which the German soldiers excel. In all the wards you will see some of the soldiers sitting on the bed's side, intent on carving rings or pipes from the hard laurel root of the country, rings from bones, or perhaps transforming the thin sides of cigar boxes into pretty brackets. You will stop to listen to some narrating stories of the fight or march. If you have conversation with those lying in the beds, they will manifest their pleasure at your interest in them by the lighting up of the eye, and some will be sure to take from under their pillows, for your inspection, the dear pictures of wife and children, companions of all their weary days. Occasionally one manifests taste and skill in sketching with the pencil. Two pretty pictures of soldiers on picket were made and presented to me by a soldier.

The greeting a woman coming into the hospital receives is sometimes affecting. "It seems so good to see a woman 'round; you look so much like my wife, my sister, or my mother." "How soft your

hand feels on my forehead." "How shall I ever pay you for what you have done for me?" "That looks like the light of other days," are frequent expressions, and leave the person addressed nothing to regret but that she can do so little for men to whom a little is worth so much. Yet it is difficult for many of them to understand the motive which prompts a lady to undergo the hardships and privations of life in a field-hospital; and one of the most frequent questions is, "How much pay do you get?" When I tell them that I do not wish or receive any pay but that of the satisfaction of doing something to make their situation more tolerable, they cannot comprehend it, and ask if I have a husband or brother in the service. A poor forlorn-looking fellow comes to my quarters with a picture which he says he has framed for me. It is cut from *Harper's Weekly*, and represents Paris fashions for January 1864, in the persons of three dashing young ladies, whose well-fitting and tasteful garments are excellent "samples to judge by." The frame to which it is pasted is a hoop covered with blue paper and coiled around with yellow—the cavalry color. I am charmed with the gift, and express in warmest terms my admiration and gratitude. As I hang it on the wall, a companion to other ornaments by which these dear souls have testified their affection, and he rises to go, he asks, "Have you any more of that licorice? I have a bad cough," and

accompanies the assertion with practical illustration. Forthwith my box of licorice and candies — gifts to the soldiers from friends at home — is produced, and with a nice little assortment, wrapped in paper, he returns to his ward, as much pleased as I am with my picture.

Oct. 27, 1864.—Yesterday and to-day patients have been coming in — nearly two hundred — from the hospitals at the extreme front. A heavy engagement has been going on, and these have been sent in to make room for the wounded there. Many of them look worn and emaciated, and say that fighting nearly every day, and doing picket duty these cold nights, have been very severe on the cavalry.

28.— For the last two or three days the fighting has been very heavy. The cannonading was at times terrific — the explosions seeming to roll over and over one another, keeping up a continual roar for hours. We hear it was a reconnoissance near Hatcher's Run. About one hundred wounded came into our hospital this morning, and many more to the infantry hospitals. Of our cavalymen, many were badly wounded; a large proportion in the thigh, some in the face, or through the lungs and other parts of the body. Many have already suffered amputation. Some of the poor fellows must die soon.

One little fellow with delicate features, not yet

eighteen years old, cannot reconcile himself to the loss of his right arm. The bullet struck his arm about half-way between the shoulder and elbow joint. He said it felt as though some one had dealt him a heavy blow with a club. With his left hand he took the bullet out of his sleeve and threw it away. The bone was much shattered and required amputation. When I spoke to him, he tried to smile through his tears, but it was evidently very hard to put a cheerful aspect on the matter.

A boy of the same age, whom I once saw in a hospital in Washington, said, in reply to my words of sympathy, "No; I have not *lost* my arm. I gave it to my country, and I gave it willingly. I expected they would take my life, but as they took only my arm, I feel very thankful." I afterwards saw his mother sitting by his side, weeping inconsolably for her boy's loss, while he, with unflinching countenance, was striving to comfort her.

November 6th was a lovely day of Indian summer, and in company with a small party of friends I rode out to our front line of fortifications. We were able to approach within a few miles of Petersburg, and, looking through the fine glass on our signal-station, could see the rebel soldiers engaged on their works, and set our watches by a clock on an old tower. The house on which is this signal-station was for many years owned and occupied by Colonel Avery. It is a large, old-fashioned house,

its spacious rooms, broad halls, tastefully-arranged garden, and walks with rows of box, still surviving the general desolation, show that it was once a beautiful home. Standing on the highest land in the vicinity, it overlooks Petersburg and the surrounding country, and has served at times as a target for both armies. We could trace the course of cannon-balls as they passed from room to room through the entire building, piercing every wall, and leaving in each a hole, smoothly cut, about the size of a barrel-head, while in other places the walls were riddled with smaller shot.

It seemed a singular coincidence, that the walls of a room, apparently a drawing-room, pierced in this way, were ornamented with pictured paper representing warlike scenes—soldiers in line of battle, cavalry and infantry mixed up in fearful confusion, the living with their gaily-painted battle-flags pressing on and trampling over the dead and dying.

There was something weird and awful in the sight of these mimic scenes of warfare, which, after having for long years appealed to the imagination of the dwellers in that house, now found their counterpart in dread realities within sight of its windows. Colonel Avery is now an old man. He possessed great wealth and influence, and exerted himself to the utmost to save Virginia to the Union, riding with several of his friends through the coun-

try day and night, and entreating the planters to unite with him in resisting the insane measure of secession. But his efforts were unavailing. "The North will not fight," they said; and so the overwhelming tide of angry excitement swept away his wiser counsels. But, to their amazement, the North *did fight*, and now their ruined homes are a mute testimony to their folly. The owner of this once elegant estate, finding his protest unavailing, has retired to a place of safety, while his broad fields are furrowed with breastworks, and trampled over by the merciless hoof of War.

From the parapet of one of our forts we had a good view of the rebel intrenchments and picket lines, as also of our own. Picket firing was constant on both sides. The soldiers in the fort pointed out a spot near by, where a corporal was last evening killed by a fragment of a shell. The ground was still stained with the poor fellow's blood. Standing under a tree, with no thought of the impending fate, the missile of death found the vital part. He staggered a few steps, and fell lifeless among his comrades.

A few months since, in the same fort, we saw the guns in action, witnessed the reply of the rebel guns, and could distinctly hear the hideous yell which accompanies their fighting.

As the firing became rapid, the officers in the fort begged us to hasten our departure, the locality

being no longer safe, and going to a point out of range of the guns, we sat in our carriage and witnessed one of the grandest *artillery duels* of the season. The shells followed each other rapidly, and sometimes we could see them all along both lines for many miles. First would come the flash and puff of smoke, then the report, followed by a continuous shriek of the shell as it darts into the air, its burning fuse showing the immense globe to be revolving on its axis. Slowly it ascends, like a rocket, then, making a grand swoop, falls rapidly as an eagle pounces on its prey. An explosion and another puff of smoke announce that it has accomplished its mission. This firing along the lines was a specimen of what occurred nearly every evening during the summer. Many of the shot and shell were aimed at a brigade of the Ninth Corps, lying directly in front of our point of observation. It was composed mostly of colored troops, who were favorite targets for the guns of their *ci-devant* masters.

It has not been an unusual thing in our camps for a shell to fall while our wearied soldiers are asleep, and, bursting in their midst, kill one or more without awaking them. An officer of a Massachusetts regiment, while writing a letter to his wife, was struck and instantly killed. The unfinished letter — stained with his life-blood — announced to her the sad tidings of his death.

Three soldiers were stooping over their camp-fire, cooking their supper—the middle one had just changed his position to reach an article behind him, when a solid shot, passing in range, killed his two companions, leaving him unhurt. “That night,” said he, “for the first time in many years, I said my prayers.”

In our drives about City Point, and the fortifications around Petersburg, we pass many ruins where were once the pleasant homes of families driven away by the ravages of war. A pretty clump of trees, with several tall chimneys and gate-posts still standing, the well-curb, carriage drives, long rows of box and other shrubbery, and here and there little huts for negro quarters, tell the story of past glory and present desolation. However great may be our loyalty to our country, and our detestation of the crime of treason against it, we are saddened at the sight of these ruins, and deplore the misery which involves, in many cases, the innocent as well as the guilty.

A few days since, we made an excursion to the signal-station in the Department of the James, known as Butler's Tower. We drove from our camp, near City Point, about three miles up the Appomattox river, where we crossed the pontoon bridge, then a mile or two, partly through the camps of the Tenth Corps, to the tower. This we ascended to a height of about one hundred and

twenty feet, in a chair elevated through the centre by ropes and pulleys. Standing on the platform at the top, and looking through the signal-glass across the crooked Appomattox, we had a better view of Petersburg and its surroundings than from any other point, and could trace lines of fortifications both of besiegers and besieged. Turning in the opposite direction, we looked over a beautiful country towards Richmond, the church-spires of which can be seen in a clear day. Just at the base of the tower is a little block-house, which, when our troops came in and took possession of the post, was occupied by a signal corps of the rebels. So suddenly did our men come upon them, that they were all, eight in number, either captured or killed, and in the pocket of one was found their signal code. This was soon deciphered by our signallers, who thus obtained a key to the signals of the enemy.

Nov. 22.—To-day received a large number of boxes and barrels of hospital stores from an association of ladies known as "The Patriotic Daughters of Lancaster, Pa." The stores were of the greatest importance to us at this time, and are not the first received from the same quarter; they having done much in the way of supplying our hospital with delicacies during the summer. One circumstance connected with this supply illustrates a liability common in the army, and not very pleasant. The stores were forwarded to Washington by Adams

Express, and thence by United States mail steamer, under care of a friend. While on the steamer, a barrel of apples was broken open and nearly emptied, and a box in which had been packed choice Madeira wine, when brought to my quarters, was found to contain nothing but saw-dust and shavings; a little strip having been broken off from the end of the box and every bottle taken out. I could not but feel grieved that our sick and wounded men were thus deprived of articles they so much need. It requires the greatest care and vigilance to prevent hospital supplies, in transit, from falling into the hands of unprincipled men, who are always on the watch for them.

A similar mishap occurred to me in the summer of 1863, in coming from Gettysburg to Sulphur Springs, Va.

In Washington, a large box had been packed for me, containing some useful cooking utensils, articles of special diet, clothing, stimulants, etc. Having obtained transportation for it, I saw it placed on the same train of cars in which I took passage. At Bealton, the nearest station to Sulphur Springs, I inquired for my box, and was told that the baggage train had stopped several miles back, at Warrenton Junction, but that it would come on the next day, and my box would be forwarded without delay. I went directly to General Birney's head-quarters at Sulphur Springs, nine miles from Bealton, and found

in the regimental hospitals of our division many cases where articles of special diet were greatly needed. But what could I do without my box? In that was a complete outfit for the present emergency, but without it I was quite powerless. The need was pressing, so much so, that one of our doctors rode one day twelve miles for a paper of corn starch, and I made a journey of fourteen miles for half a bottle of brandy. Every morning an order was sent by the quartermaster to Bealton to have the box brought up on an army wagon, and every evening the wagons returned without it, until at length, being furnished with an ambulance and a mounted orderly, I set out with the determination to find it, if it was to be found. Leaving our headquarters at six o'clock in the morning, I went first to Germantown, where General Meade, who then commanded the Army of the Potomac, had his head-quarters, to inquire for tidings of it of Surgeon-General Letterman, to whose care it was consigned. Not finding it there, I next went to Bealton Station, where I learned it had been sent to Warrenton Junction, and to that place I next went in pursuit of it. There, after much unnecessary delay on the part of officials, I found it, and taking it in the ambulance returned to head-quarters by way of Warrenton, having ridden thirty-five miles.

Being too weary to open it that night, I sent it to a place of safety, and early in the morning requested

the services of one of our men for that purpose, when, to my grief and dismay, I found that all my useful and much desired articles had been taken out, and the box filled with rusty chains, old halters, bits of harness and leather, carefully packed in, and covered with a filthy old horse-blanket! The fraud had undoubtedly been committed by the teamsters at the station, who, having taken out the original contents, had filled it with refuse articles pertaining to their vocation. Such is army life!

Dec. 7. — Within a few days two hundred sick and wounded have come in from the front. We hear that the army is moving and a battle expected. Some of these men were wounded in a cavalry dash, under General Gregg, on a railroad station of the rebels at Stony Creek. They report it very successful — destroyed the station, took two pieces of artillery, two hundred and fifty prisoners, burnt up the locomotives and a large quantity of stores.

One fine, soldierly-looking fellow to whom I gave some grapes to-day, said: "I can eat now better than I could last summer."

"You have been here before, then?"

"Yes; I was here last August, wounded in the face; you can see the scar now. You used to come in and feed me with mashed-potato and other food that could be easily swallowed."

Corporal M. of the First Maine Cavalry died this

morning. He was wounded on the 27th of Oct., and was one of fifteen cases too severe to be moved, and consequently left here when others, wounded at the same time, were sent to Washington. He was truly a Christian soldier and faithful unto death. His wound was through the lungs, and, though suffering much all the time, he never uttered a word of complaint. One day, I found him bolstered up in bed, while one of his attendants was sitting by, singing the hymn beginning —

“ My days are gliding swiftly by.”

His difficult breathing and the expression of his countenance showed severe suffering, but his only reply to my question of how he felt, was, “ Heavenly.” The last time I saw him while he retained his consciousness, he said, —

“ I think I shall go to-night or to-morrow.”

“ Go where, Corporal ? ”

“ I shall die. My wound is large and my strength is small. My greatest trouble now is that I make so much work for the nurses.”

He is the second of the fifteen above mentioned who has died. The first, also wounded in the lungs, was a beautiful boy of nineteen.

I grieved much to see these men go, for they bore their extreme suffering with the greatest fortitude, and were rare examples of true heroism. The remaining thirteen seem in a fair way to recover.

Sergeant Lane, of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, having had his right leg amputated, came near dying of secondary hemorrhage, but is now considered out of danger. For three weeks he lay on his back without moving, a man sitting by his side, and with his thumb compressing the femoral artery just above the extremity of the stump; thus holding in the life current until the artery could close up and form for itself a ligature.

Dec. 12.—Received from ladies in Bangor, Maine, a generous donation of clothing, jellies, wines, with many other useful articles, and fifty dollars in money, for the use of the sick and wounded in our hospital.

Fifty wounded men came in yesterday, and about the same number to-day.

In making my rounds in the wards, to-day, I found one fine-looking, young soldier pierced with twenty-two gunshot wounds. Some of them are severe, though there are none that seem likely to prove fatal. He had been doing picket duty, and was lying with a relief-party near the picket line, when they were suddenly awakened from sleep by a small squad of rebel cavalry dashing in among them and firing. The party instantly threw up their arms in token of surrender; but the rebels continued to fire until they had killed or wounded nearly every man of the party, and then galloped off. A brother of this poor fellow, belonging to

the party, in attempting to escape, fell down in the darkness, and was run over and badly bruised by one of the horsemen. After they had dispersed, finding himself alone, he got up and groped his way to the nearest picket-post, and the next day was brought into our hospital. He had spoken to me of this brother with great anxiety, fearing that he was either killed or captured. It was, therefore, a joyful surprise when, yesterday, he was brought into the same ward and laid by his side.

Yesterday, my attention was attracted to a man wounded through the body, the expression of whose countenance indicated unusual suffering, and that his days were nearly numbered. Opposite him lay a man, somewhat older than himself, who had received a similar wound while attempting to bring him off the field. To-day they are both dead.

Dec. 16.—I have just removed my quarters, from the tent which I have occupied since May, to a wooden building put up by the Christian Commission for the use of the hospital. Its dimensions are sixty feet by twenty-one. It is situated in a central locality, and consists of a large kitchen for the preparation of special diet, a capacious store-room, reception and sleeping rooms. The money it costs is well appropriated, and will greatly increase our facilities for making the patients comfortable, as up to this time all our cooking operations have been performed under a *fly*. It is an era in

my hospital life — leaving the simple tent which has so long sheltered me, and taking possession of these spacious apartments, with their boarded walls and floors, glass windows to look out of, and doors turning on hinges, with locks and keys. Luxuries to which I have become quite unaccustomed.

This morning, about one hundred of our sick and wounded were sent to Washington. Many of them were in great suffering. A corporal, wounded in the shoulder, was shaking with a chill while being borne on the stretcher to the steamer. Another, a fine young fellow — so anxious to go that the doctor yielded to his wishes, though he was evidently almost gone — died before he could be removed from the stretcher. Others were in great agony from fractured bones. Several of their comrades, wounded a few days since, have died.

Jan. 12, 1865. — It is nearly a month since I made an entry in my journal, during which time our hospital has been holding on the even tenor of its way, though not without some events of interest and importance. Among the number of deaths is that of Sergeant Buzzell, of the First Maine Cavalry, wounded below the knee, on the 27th of October. He died just as the old year was going out. His case was one of those which so often occur in military hospitals, when, in hope of saving a limb, amputation is deferred until it is too late to save life.

He was a brave soldier, beloved and respected in his regiment, and an object of interest to all who knew him in the hospital. He clung with great tenacity to life, with all its alluring prospects; but when he found there was uncertainty in his case, he looked death calmly in the face, and began earnestly to make preparations for an encounter with the last enemy. He said, one day, to an attendant, "Oh, that the Saviour would only pass by, that I might with my hand touch the hem of his garment;" and begged his friends to pray for him, that, if it were possible, his life might be spared, but if it could not be, that he might be prepared to die. Sustaining faith and glorious hope came at last, and he died with the soldier's watchword on his lips—"All right!"

He received, from the first moment of his entering the hospital, the most unremitting and faithful attentions from his comrades on duty as nurses. Indeed, the patience and fidelity with which these men discharge their duties, often affords me matter of sincere admiration. It is a chapter in the history of the war which can never be fully written out. Watching their patients day and night with the kindness and solicitude of brothers,—even when their wounds have arrived at such a stage that it is impossible to breathe the same atmosphere without risk to health, if not to life,—and when all efforts are unavailing, and it becomes certain that no hu-

man power can ward off from the poor sufferer the grasp of death, with what grief do they witness his departure, and with what tenderness perform for his mortal remains the last offices of affection.

Passing through the wards, to-day, a young rebel prisoner, a Mr. Mason, of Virginia, who has been with us several months, called me to his bed and begged my acceptance of a ring, made of bone, in token of his gratitude for what I had done for himself and comrades. "It is too large for you to wear," he said, "but please keep it in remembrance of the *Johnnies*."

We have always had in our hospitals a greater or less number of rebel prisoners, and I have never known them to be treated with less attention than our own men. As they lie side by side in the wards, I often pass among them without knowing the rebel from the Union soldiers, and, in their helpless condition, do not care to inquire. They affiliate readily with our men, and seem for the most part religiously inclined. I believe they have received the same treatment as our own men, both in hospitals and prisons, all through the army; and I have known parents at the South, who had sons in the Union prisons, to decline offers of exchange, because they believed them to be better off in a Northern prison than in the Southern army.

Our friends at home did not forget us during the holidays. From the directors of the United States

Mint at Philadelphia, we received supplies for an elegant Christmas dinner, sufficient in quantity to feast the entire hospital. Turkeys and chickens nicely cooked, cheese, butter, bread, cranberry sauce, celery, pies, cakes, peaches, tomatoes, and apples, furnished to our cavalry-men a dinner which we think was not surpassed by any in the army. It was served in the wards to those unable to go out ; but for others a newly-finished barrack was fitted up, ornamented on the walls with wreaths of ever-green, in which the red and white berries of holly and mistletoe were conspicuous, and mottoes appropriate to the occasion. Tables were laid, long enough to seat two hundred at a time, and these were crowded three times in succession with convalescents, nurses, and others employed in various capacities about the hospital ; and while they did ample justice to the viands, we were glad to be assured that there was enough for all.

Jan. 14.—Yesterday the monotony of hospital life was varied by a ride with a party of friends to Dutch Gap. Crossing the Appomattox on the pontoon bridge, we drove about six miles to the James River, which we crossed in the same manner to Aikin's Landing. There we visited the double-turreted iron-clad monitor Onondaga, one of the finest of that class of gunboats. Commander Parker entertained our party most courteously for a few hours, and, after we had lunched in his elegant

little cabin, kindly gave us the use of a little steam *launch*, used as a torpedo-boat, for running up to the Gap.

Dutch Gap is an immense cut through a strip of land about one hundred and thirty yards in width, but so long as to make a bend of seven miles in the river; and it was in order to shorten by this distance the navigation for our army on the James, that General Butler conceived the idea of cutting a passage of sufficient dimensions for the James River to flow through. As going from Aikin's Landing to the Gap is running the gauntlet of the guns of Howlitt House battery and the rebel sharpshooters along the river bank, it was somewhat hazardous, but was accomplished safely in fifteen minutes. We landed at the Gap, ascended the hill, walked across the narrow strip of land, looked down into the chasm through which the water was rushing with great force, examined at leisure with our field-glasses the rebel fort Howlitt and other objects of interest, including rebel troops on dress parade, and returned by the same route as we had come, arriving home late at night, after driving over such roads as are common at this season of the year in Virginia, but which can be appreciated only by those familiar with them.

Feb. 8. — For several days there had been rumors of an important movement of the army, and we were not surprised on the 6th to hear heavy

cannonading on our left. The night following was cold and stormy with sleet and snow, and the next morning was one of the most dismal of the winter. But at an early hour ambulances came in with wounded men, succeeded by many more during the day, from the fight at Hatcher's Run. The sufferings of these poor fellows were greatly augmented by exposure to cold and storm, after being wounded. The cavalry was heavily engaged, and lost many.

Hearing that some had been brought in dead, I went this morning to the tent used as a receptacle for such, to see if any whom I knew were among them. They were lying stiff and cold in the uniform in which they had gone out to battle. As I drew aside the blue coat-capes which covered their faces, great was my surprise and grief to recognize two young officers who were lately in our hospital with wounds. One, an especial friend, Captain Harper of the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, called at my quarters only a few days since. He had then just returned from a leave of absence, during which he had visited his home. Full of life and spirits, in his new cavalry uniform, and mounted on a powerful horse, he looked the picture of a gallant soldier. Now he lies outstretched in his rough coffin, with features rigid in death, waiting a soldier's burial. By his side lie two noble-looking young privates, both shot through the head. This evening, Colonel T., of the Tenth New York Cavalry, having died of

his wounds since he came in, is added to the number.

Feb. 17.—This morning I had the pleasure of a short social interview with General and Mrs. Grant at the head-quarters of the army. The General's quiet manners and grave deportment suit well a man to whom the attention of the world is directed, and who has on his mind affairs so weighty and important, and Mrs. Grant seems well adapted to her position as his wife. We had likewise the pleasure of meeting Brigadier-General Patrick, "Provost-Marshal General of the armies operating against Richmond," a fine, soldierly-looking, elderly gentleman, a friend to all who are the soldiers' friends, and invariably using the great influence of his position for the defence of right and the suppression of wrong. Two men, these, of whom their country may be proud.

Feb. 26.—Last evening we again heard heavy cannonading on our left, and to-day hear that it was the rebels firing on some of their own men deserting to our lines. This is of late a frequent occurrence. About two hundred came in last evening, and it is said they average this number daily. These indications of demoralization in Lee's army, together with recent successes of our own army, give hope that the long agony of civil war is nearly over.

Mar. 28.—Visited, in company with Miss Bridget Deavers, two large camps of dismounted cavalry-

men lying along the James River, a few miles from City Point. Bridget—or, as the men call her, Biddy—has probably seen more of hardship and danger than any other woman during the war. She has been with the cavalry all the time, going out with them on their cavalry raids—always ready to succor the wounded on the field—often getting men off who, but for her, would be left to die, and, fearless of shell or bullet, among the last to leave.

Protected by officers and respected by privates, with her little sunburnt face, she makes her home in the saddle or the shelter-tent; often, indeed, sleeping in the open air without a tent, and by her courage and devotion “winning golden opinions from all sorts of people.”

She is an Irish woman, has been in the country sixteen years, and is now twenty-six years of age.

“Where is the nice little horse you had with you at the hospital last summer, Bridget?”

“Oh, Moseby captured that from me. He came in while I was lying asleep on the ground, and took my horse and orderly. I jumped up and ran away.”

One of the above-mentioned camps consists of men just come in from Sheridan's last raid, having been during the past winter in the valley of the Shenandoah. We found them lying under their shelter-tents or sitting on the ground in front of them, boiling coffee over their camp-fires and eating

their rations of salt pork and *hard tack*. They looked tired and sunburnt, but were every moment expecting horses and a call to "boots and saddles."

Having distributed socks, handkerchiefs, towels, and some articles of clothing which we brought for them, and partaken of Bridget's simple fare, sitting on a blanket in front of her tent, we remounted our horses and rode along the river-side to the other camp, which is a more permanent institution.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FOURTH OF APRIL, 1865.

THE Fourth of April, 1865, unlike many of its predecessors, dawned peacefully and brightly at City Point, Va.

From the moment when, at early dawn on the 25th of March, we had heard heavy cannonading at Fort Steadman, which, though at the time we were ignorant of its meaning, proved to be the reveille of the spring campaign, all had been eager curiosity and anxious expectation.

Day by day there had been heavy firing, sometimes near, sometimes more distant. Day by day, we had seen but one phase of its results, in exhausted, lacerated forms — many of them friends and old acquaintances — laid along on straw in the crowded box-cars, as they came in train after train from the battle-field, and thence borne to the hospitals, or the transports lying at the wharf.

The gun-boats and all the troops having been within a few days withdrawn from City Point, which had for more than nine months been the base of army operations, the great hospitals with their long lines of tents and barracks, and thousands of wounded men, as well as the vast quantities of

government stores, — supplies for the grand army, — were left without military protection ; and as we were totally ignorant of how things were going at the front, we were not without anxiety lest the rebels should break through and make a raid on us. There was indeed such an attempt on the evening of the 29th of March, when at half-past ten we were electrified by a sudden outburst of musketry and artillery, which continued, in a prolonged, deafening roar, without a moment's letting down, for one hour, then with slight intervals for an hour or two more ; while in the direction of Petersburg, shells were continuously flying up and swooping over like rockets, and the sky all aglow with those death-dealing pyrotechnics. Then came on a pouring rain, the sounds ceased, and we could breathe freely again.

Then in the early dawn of April 3d, we were startled from our beds by terrific explosions in the direction of Richmond — concussion breaking on concussion, roar upon roar, louder than the loudest thunder ; the earth trembling as if affrighted, and the sky lighted with an angry flare. It was then that the Confederate iron-clads and bridges on the James River were blown up, and Richmond fired by its defenders. But the end of these fearful catastrophes was at hand. Before another sunset, tidings came for which we had long waited and prayed, but scarcely dared hope — Petersburg and

Richmond are evacuated by the rebel army and occupied by our troops! The rebellion has collapsed!

So, as I have said, the 4th dawned peacefully over City Point, and anthems of praise to God went up where many lives were still ebbing away in completion of the great sacrifice.

Then there was a general turning of faces towards Petersburg. All who could, were anxious to see for themselves the city, insignificant in itself, but great in its relations to the rebellion, which our army had so long been watching, on whose shining spires and fortifications we had often gazed with curiosity, but which had hitherto been hermetically sealed to our approach.

It was not easy just then to procure horses or an ambulance, because everything in that line was needed at the front, and the quartermasters—I often wondered at their patience—were getting tired of such requisitions from the *sanitary women*—a term which they applied indiscriminately to all women connected with the hospitals. By the special indulgence, however, of my friend Dr. John M. Kollock, “Chief Inspector of Depot Field Hospitals at City Point,” I was favored with an ambulance, and having invited two of my “sanitary friends,”—Mrs. Mary Hill and Miss Virginia Hart,—to accompany me, started at an early hour for a drive of nine miles to Petersburg. Our driver was

a "contraband" just brought in, who had, he said, "been driving three years for Mars'r Davis, but was now gwine to drive for Mars'r Linkum."

We had little difficulty in finding the way, for everything that was moving was going in one and the same direction. Squads of cavalry-men, soldiers and civilians on foot, parties of refugees, black and white, in old Virginia wagons, returning to homes whence they had long been exiled, thronged the way.

The first evidence that the rebellion had indeed collapsed, was the unguarded state of our line of earthworks around City Point. Where (unless escorted by Federal officers) we had before been challenged by mounted sentinels with drawn sabres, there was now nothing to obstruct our way. Forts which had hitherto been mounted with dark-mouthed cannon, like crouching monsters ready at a moment's warning to belch forth death and destruction, were dismantled. On an open plateau we turned aside while a line of from two to three thousand prisoners of war passed under guard, on their way to City Point. They had been captured by the Sixth and Ninth Corps while making a desperate fight for the inner cordon of works about Petersburg. They were better clothed than their comrades whom we had seen in the early days of the war, looked defiant and plucky, and some declared that the "Yanks have not conquered *them*, and never

will." Others saluted us pleasantly as they passed. While we waited, the young Ohio officer who had them in charge, came up to our ambulance and told us all he knew of the situation, for we, having no daily journal of current events, were far more ignorant on these points than were our friends at home. "It is rumored," he said, "that Lee has surrendered with 20,000 men." This was a mistake. Lee was that day at Amelia, on his way to Appomattox Court-House, where he surrendered on the 9th.

At length, by a turn in the road, we were suddenly brought in full sight of the "Cockade City." There it lay, spread out under the bright sunshine, as quiet and beautiful as if no cannon-ball or fiery bomb-shell had ever gone screeching over it. The trees were in their tender, early foliage, the gardens gay with spring flowers. The blinds were closed on the windows. There were but few ladies in the streets, and these, we noted, wore garments in the styles of four years ago, showing that the blockade-runners did not bring them the latest London and Paris fashions. One elderly lady, richly dressed, walked slowly along, with her white handkerchief held closely to her eyes, as if she could not bear to witness the overthrow of her beloved city, or perhaps her heart was breaking for sons or brothers slain in battle. As often as we stopped, poor women, white and black, gathered around our ambulance. They had baskets on their arms, and had been

walking about since sunrise, in hope of finding something wherewith to satisfy the demands of hunger, which had been unappeased for several days. It was time the city had surrendered, for it was on the eve of starvation. "If there was food in the town, they could not buy, with meat six dollars a pound, and flour a thousand dollars a barrel." They thank God that the Union army has at length come in. Have been praying for it so long, day and night.

"Were you not frightened to see so many soldiers?"

"Not so much as we expected to be. They had told us so many frightful stories about the Yankees; but they came in so quietly, and seemed so friendly, that we soon got over our fears."

At the corner of one of the principal streets we stopped to see the Ninth Corps pass. They marched with martial music and waving banners, but with no look of exultation, through the conquered city, for to them it was no holiday parade. They had fought like giants to obtain this consummation, and had left thousands of their comrades "dead on the field of honor."

Here a young cavalry-man, Maloney, whom we had known at the hospital, rode up and offered to serve us as escort. He had been riding hard with despatches to an officer at the front, and was on his way back to City Point.

Alighting at a hardware store, we were attracted by rows of English-looking cans in the windows. "They are the cans in which were imported beef and mutton for our army," said the shopkeeper. "The blockade-runners brought them in great quantities, and our soldiers were glad to sell the empty cans. I sometimes paid as high as five dollars apiece for them. I preferred rather to put my money in these than to keep it, as I knew the Confederacy would soon *go up*, and then it would be worthless." He had transformed many into cups and a variety of culinary dishes, the tin covered with a ground of clear brown, on which were the well-preserved yellow stamps, with English armorial bearings and the motto, "*In hoc signo spes mea.*"

We purchased one as a memento of the love of our brethren across the sea. In another store a fine display of French and English chinaware won our admiration. As we made a small investment in that line, we asked,—

"Did you have this on hand before the war, or is it of recent importation?"

"Oh, I have been importing it all along. It was easy for me to keep up my supply until we lost Wilmington."

Observing a tobacco warehouse open, and some of our men bringing out tobacco *ad libitum*, we, with the help of Maloney, transferred a generous quantity to our ambulance, which we distributed

next day to the men in our hospitals, much to their delight; those who did not use it themselves, wishing for a piece to keep as a memento or to "send home to father." Leaving Petersburg on our return, we took a road leading through the intrenchments. All along the road lay the *débris* of battle—torn garments, caps, shoes, canteens, haversacks, belts—intermingled with abundant cannonballs, solid shot, and exploded shells, as well as many shells not exploded, to which, in passing, we gave a *wide berth*. In the forts we gathered a few relics left by the soldiers in their sudden departure.

Half-way between two lines of rebel breastworks lay a rebel officer, unburied. He was shot through the head, fell backwards, and lay with his face to the sky, one delicate hand thrown up, just as the surprised soul left the body. Poor, lifeless form, we would, were it possible, give you burial!

Passing through our own inside line of fortifications, we came to the deserted camps of the Ninth Corps. They looked like a miniature city, with their long, regular streets of little wooden huts, from which, when the men went out to battle, they took the shelter-tents which had served as roofs.

Near the camping ground were three recently-prepared cemeteries for the dead of the three divisions, for within the last few days the Ninth Corps has poured out its blood like water. Each was enclosed by an ornamental fence, such as our soldiers

know so well how to build. Here, on the broad, open field, lay the dead who fell in storming the Confederate works on the 2d. They were laid in rows, side by side, in their blue over-coats, which were their only wrappings for the grave, to which were pinned slips of paper bearing their names, to be transferred to their head-boards. A hundred men had been at this work since daylight, and, with the sun near setting, there still remained nearly three hundred to be buried. We alighted and walked reverently and tearfully through the ranks of these slain heroes. Brave men, ye died for us! God help your countrymen to preserve unsullied that national honor in defence of which you fell!

In the presence of these witnesses, who have offered up their lives, we ask: "Shall all the out-poured blood and nameless agony of the last four years be in vain? Can we ever forget the great price at which this day of victory has been obtained, or count for less than a holy thing the blood with which a United Country has been rebaptized?"

CHAPTER X.

AFTER THE SURRENDER.

ON Sunday evening, the 9th of April, there were signs of rejoicing at City Point. On the open space of the great hospital there was an immense bonfire, and around its weird light gathered a crowd of soldiers and citizens, many of the former worn and crippled or maimed; and while every available combustible was piled upon the flames, they listened to or related with eager interest every particular that had reached them of the great event of the day — Lee's Surrender!

Another week passed, and on the 16th the joy at the promise of returning peace was overshadowed by the terrible announcement that President Lincoln had been assassinated!

The rumor had reached us in the early morning, but had been rejected as too dreadful to be possible. Still, nothing else was talked or thought of during the day, and the gloom of an anxious foreboding spread through the camps. In the afternoon I had occasion to call at the quartermaster's department at City Point, where, as everywhere, the rumor was the subject of conversation. An officer remarked that the report still wanted official

confirmation, as might be known from the fact that flags on all the shipping in the river were flying at mast-head. As he spoke, all eyes naturally turned to the window, which commanded a view of the gun-boats and other shipping on the James River, and at the instant we saw every flag lowered. The effect on every one was like the announcement of a personal bereavement. Tears started to every eye, mixed with exclamations of grief and imprecations on the assassin. It was just a week before, on Sunday the 9th, that, on the occasion of President Lincoln's leaving the harbor in his gun-boat, the salute had been so heavy and general as, for the time, to have the effect of a naval battle; and the day previous, his carriage had been standing in the hospital grounds all day, while he was passing from ward to ward, visiting and cheering with his presence and kind words the wounded men. When a friend, fearing he would overfatigue himself, remonstrated, he replied, "I must see as many of them as possible; it may be long before I shall again have opportunity to shake hands with a wounded soldier."

At no moment had the wisdom of President Lincoln's administration been more amply vindicated, both at home and abroad; never did his fame shine with a brighter lustre; never was his name dearer to the heart of the nation—than when Booth's pistol did its deadly work, and robbed our country of its brightest ornament.

On the 17th, accompanied by Bridget Devers, I took a train, going out to the front, with sanitary supplies for some wounded cavalry-men, of whom we had heard that they were in great suffering. The cars, having stopped three or four hours within a dozen miles, pushed on to Ford's Station, where they made a general "break down," and there was no possibility of their getting farther at that time. We stepped out, and making our way through other trains of cars crowded in from front and rear, and a promiscuous assemblage of men, horses, wagons, and tents, we were accosted by a thin-looking, thinly-clothed woman, in a Shaker bonnet,—

"Please, madam, can you tell me what I am to do? Your soldiers have taken everything from me. They have left me not a particle of food, and I know not where to get any."

"There is the sutler's tent; can't you buy something there?"

"But they will not take our money, and I have no *greenbacks*."

We walked with her to her house, a good-looking, two-storied white house, with green blinds, standing picturesquely in a grove of large, old trees. We were welcome to stay in the house as long as we chose, but her hospitality must of necessity end with the bare shelter. Her husband had been a teacher, and they were both intelligent and respectable, but much depressed and discouraged.

Their house was stripped of bedding, clothing, food, cooking-utensils—almost everything. Half-a-dozen cracked dishes, a few silver spoons which had been hidden away, and an iron tea-kettle, completed the inventory of their household possessions. Fortunately, I had brought a few cooking-utensils, and with sundry purchases from the sutler, and a requisition on my own stores, the present necessity was supplied.

During the evening some soldiers came in, who reported that the wounded cavalry-men to whom we were going had been carried into City Point. The next morning, standing on the piazza in the pleasant spring sunshine, we saw the head of a column of cavalry emerging from a belt of woods in the distance. It was Sheridan's cavalry corps returning from the late campaign. We watched them as they passed leisurely along, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, division after division. War was behind them. Peace and home and love before. At length, in the afternoon, came the ambulances, and, watching for a friend among the officers, we obtained the use of one, and joined the column as it wound its slow length along. Near Petersburg, spreading themselves over an area of five or six miles, on the same hills, and near the fortifications lately occupied by Lee's army, they encamped. We were furnished with a tent, and soon met many friends who had happily escaped the perils of the late campaign.

It was wonderfully picturesque, this cavalry camp. The little white tents, arranged in regular lines, covering the hills near and far away. Horses and mules picketed everywhere, white lines of army wagons, soldiers moving to and fro, parties of horsemen dashing over the hills, battle-flags waving at head-quarters, all under the bright sunshine. Nor were peculiarities of sound wanting. At night, lying in your tent, you would think you heard a human cry of distress. It was repeated, louder and more intense, answered here and there, echoed along in the same lugubrious strains, until corresponding kicks made you aware that it was the indignant protest of the mules. Then came the bugle reveille — the clear, sweet notes breaking the silence of early morning, the strain caught up and answered from hill to hill, repeated and winding through all the camp from head-quarters to farthest outpost. Then the call for watering horses, and other orders throughout the day, all delivered in bugle strains, until "taps" issued its imperative "put out the lights."

It was suggested to me by one of the surgeons, that, after the hard campaign, the men, who for a long time had tasted nothing but their army rations, would be much benefited and cheered by some small gift of sanitary luxury, such as a can of peaches or tomatoes, or a few pickles to each. I willingly undertook the work —

going to City Point for supplies, taking them around from camp to camp, and personally distributing to each man some small gift as suggested. A week passed, and I had not half finished the pleasant work, when the call to "boots and saddles" rang out in bugle-notes through the camp, and Sheridan with his brave cavalry corps turned their faces southward, looking for Johnston.*

On the breaking up of the camp, I went to City Point, but the next day returned to Petersburg and took charge of the special-diet kitchen in the Fair Grounds Hospital, by invitation of Dr. Blickhan, of the Twenty-eighth Indiana Regiment, surgeon in charge. The enclosure of the fair grounds, just outside the city, had been used as a hospital ever since the war began. Its old-fashioned buildings, to which had been added several barracks, overshadowed by large trees — the grounds, intersected with nicely gravelled walks, sloping to a creek, along which was a race-course, now a semicircular row of hospital tents, with the grove beyond — made a pretty picture.

* A few weeks later, at Petersburg, I was aroused in the early morning by the silvery notes of the bugle reveille close at hand. What could it mean? There was no cavalry camp near the night before, but there must be one now, for this was a cavalry call. Surprised and delighted with the familiar strain, I looked out, and almost under my window, on a little wooded hill, were head-quarter tents, and a camp spread out on the farther slope. It was a portion of Sherman's army on its way *home*, taking its turn on the hills lately occupied by Lee's army.

When the hospital with the town fell into our hands, it was pretty well filled with wounded and worn-out men from the rebel army. Since then the armies of the Potomac and James, Sheridan's cavalry and Sherman's army had contributed to fill it with wounds, fevers, rheumatisms, and, if not all, at least a great proportion, of the ills which flesh is heir to. Here I remained, looking after special diet, and rendering such service as I could until the 1st of July. My friend, Dr. Blickhan, had been relieved — his place had been filled by men of a different stamp. I had taken lodgings outside the hospital, and was still looking after special cases in which I was much interested, when my strength gave out, and I was obliged, with great regret, to relinquish the work, and leave men who needed the care I would gladly have continued to give.

The labor in the special-diet kitchen, and much of that in the hospital at Petersburg, was performed by the blacks just emancipated from slavery. I found them docile and lovable, willing to work, and many of them intensely eager to learn. Every spare moment would be devoted to the spelling-book, or mastering some of the scriptural texts that in large letters adorned the rough walls and posts of the kitchen. After the labors of the day were over, they would sit with delight for an hour's instruction in the evening — seizing, as it were, with joy the key of knowledge that had been so long

withheld. That they appreciated the gift of freedom, there could be no doubt.

As I sat, one day, in the neat little parlor of "Aunt Susy's" tiny white cottage, she thus related some of her experiences. "'T is a great blessing that the Lord has 'stowed on our people. I can't 'spress my feelings on the morning of the 'vacuation. They told us the Yankees were coming in, and that they would send we alls to Cuba, and harness us to carts and treat us like brutes; and all night I could not sleep because I knew they were 'vacuating the town. Early in the morning I heard a great shouting, and jumped up and ran out without stopping to put on my shoes. My husband was at the lower end of the garden, and he said:

"'Do go in and dress yourself, if you please.'

"By the time I got back, there was a great crowd of people all over the hills, shouting and waving; and presently a Union officer rode by very near where we were standing, and he bowed and said, 'Good-morning;' and we all bowed low and said, 'Good-morning;' and then he smiled and said, 'You are all free this morning!' Then we all cried and praised the Lord, and it seemed as if a great load was lifted from my heart. Mr. S., one of our white neighbors, was standing near us, and he said, 'I thank God that I live to see the sun rise this blessed morning, and feel myself a free man, for I have been in bondage as well as you.' He

has always been for the Union, and has often been obliged to go away from home to keep from being shot. And there was poor brother H. He had been waiting on the sick in the hospital a year, and at the end of that time they paid him a hundred dollars of their money, which was n't enough to buy a bushel and a half of meal." *

Aunt Ellwood, a tall yellow woman, with straight black hair and piercing black eyes, whose occasional slips in language contrasted quaintly with her general correctness and fluency of speech, and who came often to the hospital to attend to her boy, a bright little octoroon of twelve years, made her appeal as follows :

" I had a nice house, honey, before you alls came into Petersburg. I was lawfully married to my husband, and we lived together twenty-five years. He was a stone-mason by trade, and a hard-working man ; and we had a good farm and house, and I never asked him for a thing that he didn't get for me. When your soldiers came in and saw my house, my carpets, my secretary, my dishes, my

* In this connection, and as illustrating the destruction and depreciation of private property by the war, I will add a fact that came to my knowledge in Petersburg. Mr. Gill bought a lot of land in Petersburg just before the war, for which he paid seventy-five dollars in gold. During the war he sold it for one hundred and ten dollars, Confederate money, and bought a bushel of meal for one hundred dollars ; hence, his bushel of meal cost him nearly seventy-five dollars in gold.

cows, and my horse and wagon, they would not believe that they all 'longed to me till I done took my papers out of my pocket and showed them my 'ceipts. Then they said, 'Why, mother, a great many of the white women of the South don't keep their houses as nice as you do.' When the army went by, I went out and said to the captain, 'Captain, you won't burn my house, will you?' and he said, 'Oh, no, mother; we have no orders for burning to-day; we are after the Johnnies, and that's all.' Well, madam, in two hours from that time my house was in ashes. I and my children were in the field, and I don't know whether it was fired by a shell or by some of the soldiers, but when we came back, it was burnt to the ground. Some of the soldiers told the captain about it, and he came back to see me, and 'pear'd mighty sorry. He said: 'Why, mother, I found you in a house this morning, and I can't leave you and your children in the woods.' So he took me to a large house that 'longed to Mr. Dabney. He had gone away, and the captain gave me a paper, and told me to stay there till fall." "How many children have you Aunty?" "I has three chillun that I has to scuffle for, honey, and three that can scuffle for themselves. This little boy that you sees in the hospital has been a hard-working boy ever since he was seven years old. He has been my chief 'pendence ever since his father died, till he done fell from a tree and

broke his arm so bad, that the doctor had to cut it off. If you sees anything when you turns round, honey, that you can spar for me, you won't lose anything from the good Father. I tells you, madam, I'se a woman that's born of the Spirit, and He tell me I shall find friends now and then as I goes along. I has no house, no moneys, no anything for my chillun, but I keeps 'pending on the Lord, and that is all my 'pendence. I know He takes care of me. I shall have moneys by and by. When the day of my death comes, that will be my riches day. If you can give us something to help us till after next winter respire, when once the winter has respired we can scuffle for ourselves.'"

CHAPTER XI.

ALONG THE LINES.

APRIL, 1866.

ALL through February and March, we have in Virginia, contrasting with many cold, blustering days, some delightfully mild and spring-like. The sun, unobstructed by a cloud, pours his heating rays upon the earth; the atmosphere is balmy with the breath of pine groves, and we wonder where winter has so deftly hidden itself.

On such days, it has been a rare treat to explore on horseback the surrounding country, riding over the smooth, sanded roads, along the lines of fortification with which the earth for many miles around Petersburg is furrowed, through the old camps of the late contending armies, into the forts which will hereafter be famous in song and story, and over battle-fields which have so often shaken at the tread of armed hosts and the thunder of artillery.

A few miles east of Petersburg is Fort Stedman, captured from the rebels on the 16th of June, 1864, and known until late in the war as Battery No. Four. It is on our inside line, built in a pretty grove on high ground, and from the parapet commanding a near view of the outside rebel line, which

here approaches ours, nearer than at any other point. Here, early on the morning of the 25th of March, 1865, sounded the reveille of the spring campaign for the Army of the Potomac, by the rebels surprising our garrison, carrying the fort and a part of the line to the right and left of it, and turning the guns of the fort on its defenders. But our troops soon rallied and, after a short contest, retook the fort, and drove back the enemy with a heavy loss in killed and wounded, and nineteen hundred prisoners; our loss in killed being sixty-eight, three hundred and thirty-seven wounded, and five hundred and six missing. Some of the little log-houses occupied by the soldiers are still standing, and gabions loosened from the works are rolling about.

Following the lines southward as they come around the city, our next point of attraction is the crater, on the rebel line, out of which, on the morning of the 30th of July, 1864, was blown the fort standing over it. The distance between the lines at this point is seventy yards. Our men commenced tunnelling in rear of this line, so that the length of the tunnel was one hundred and fifty yards. Tracing its course from the crater, we look down into its mouth, still open, and see where in the red clay the work began, which went on in silence sixteen nights, the enemy all the time suspecting something of the kind, but searching in vain to discover it.

In one place they dug directly over it, and would have struck it by digging three feet farther.

At length the morning of the 30th came, and at a distance of fifty feet below the surface the fatal fuse accomplished its direful mission, and the works exploded, blowing up the fort, and shaking the earth for miles around. Out of two hundred men in quarters, never dreaming of the volcano beneath them, two only escaped. The rebels were taken by surprise and thrown into confusion. Our troops (mostly colored) came up and threw themselves into the breach, but were not supported by reinforcements in time to hold the advantage. The enemy soon rallied, a terrible carnage ensued, and resulted in our men being driven back and the line retaken. Twenty-five hundred of assailants and assailed are said to be buried in the bottom of the crater, and even now every heavy rain washes up human bones. The grounds around are neatly fenced, a small refreshment saloon, where are sold relics of battles, is established at its entrance, and the owner, having been ruined in property by the war, seeks a slight indemnification by levying a tax of a quarter per head on each visitor.

Farther along on the rebel line is Fort Mahone, christened Fort Damnation by our soldiers in return for the compliment of the rebels in calling their own, Fort Sedgwick, directly opposite, Fort Hell; and next to Fort Sedgwick is Fort Davis,

one of the finest on our line. A few miles further on the line is Fort Wadsworth, where the military railroad intersects the Weldon road, and two miles further, Forts Fisher and Welsh, where the line, having run westerly for several miles, makes an angle and strikes off in a southerly direction to Hatcher's Run. This is our inside heavy line, on which, as on the outer one, equally heavy, are many other beautiful forts, but those above mentioned are the most noted. They all present the same general appearance, the works being in a good state of preservation; and we notice that the outside defences of ours are generally *abatis*, while those of the rebels are *chevaux-de-frise*.

Two miles from the Appomattox River, southwest from Petersburg, on the outside rebel line, is Fort Gregg, where the enemy made their last stand on the 2d of April, 1865, and fought desperately, though they well knew that all was lost. Two hundred and fifty picked men from Lee's army had sworn to defend it to the bitter end. They raised the white flag in token of surrender, and then placed their guns in range of the column of Federal troops advancing to receive it. On came our brave boys, (General Gibbon's command,) flushed with victory, and ardent to plant the stars and stripes on the last stronghold of rebellion; but when they are just ready to mount the works, a murderous fire opens on them, and the ranks go

down as the ripened grain falls beneath the scythe of the mower. On thunders the artillery, but our men charge up through carnage and smoke. They leap the ditch, mount the works, and rush into the strife. Then was terrible killing. Fighting hand-to-hand with butt-ends of muskets, until the fort was heaped with the dead. A rebel chronicler states that, after having encouraged their men to the last, Generals Heth and Wilcox, when they saw that they were overwhelmed, put spurs to their horses, galloped out of the sally-port, and fled towards the Appomattox.

Just at this sally-port, turning my horse that I might take a view of the surroundings, my colored guide, Missouri, turned up a human skull with her walking-stick.

"This," said she, "was a Union soldier."

"How do you know he was a Union soldier?"

"Because here are some pieces of his blue coat."

He had been buried in his blanket, but heavy rains had washed away the shallow covering of earth, and the skull had rolled over on the ground. Then she handed me a minie-ball, melted and battered out of shape, which she had picked up close to the body. Perhaps it was the very missile that had carried death to his heart. Within sight of this fort, on the same line, stands the house of my friend, Mrs. H., who came from the North, and settled here a few years before the war. Her husband

was conscripted in the rebel army, and she left alone in the care of her children nearly all the time. Imagine a Union woman living unprotected on a rebel line of fortifications! On the morning of the 2d of April, she saw the Sixth Corps come sweeping over the hills and fields that lie between the two lines, break through the works, and plant the Federal flag directly in the rear of her house. They were on their way to take the South Side railroad, which they struck about a mile from the house. Her husband was then at home, was captured by our soldiers and held a prisoner for several months.

They were preparing to set fire to the house, when a Federal officer rode up and drove them away. Shells and bullets were flying thickly over the house, and the soldiers began to batter down the door. In vain she entreated them to spare the house, protesting that they were from the North, and loved the Union. They declared that a Union woman could not live so near the rebel lines, and would have treated her roughly, had not another officer come to her rescue. Laying his hand upon her head, he said, "My dear madam, I would not have a hair of your head hurt for the world; but go into the cellar, and stay there with your children until the shelling is over, for your house may be riddled with balls; and I will place a guard around it." The house was perforated in many places, but escaped better than that of her neighbor, Mrs. C.,

also a Northerner, which being half-way between the lines was completely battered down with shells, while the family in the cellar escaped unhurt.

Hatcher's Run was the scene of many heavy battles, and it was near the anniversary of one of those, the 7th of February, that we rode over the fields and through the timber where it occurred. There is little now to mark it as a battle-field, save here and there tree-tops cut off sharply, branches lopped and hanging down, and the trunks pierced with shot and shell. The sun shines quietly through the solitude, and the birds sing undisturbed in the branches. How different from the scenes of confusion and terror of a year ago, when, in extending our lines to this place, so many brave men on both sides bit the dust!

Riding out south-westerly from Petersburg on the Boydton plank-road, crossing Hatcher's Run on a rickety old bridge at Burgess's mill, and taking the White Oak road, we find the battle-field of Five Forks, sixteen miles from the city.

Here, on the 1st of April, 1865, our cavalry under General Sheridan, and infantry under General Warren, engaged the enemy and, after a heavy battle, drove him from his intrenchments, capturing all his artillery and between five and six thousand prisoners. The left fork of the road leads to Dinwiddie Court-House, down which Sheridan and his cavalry advanced to the attack.

Here, as indeed nearly all along the road from Hatcher's Run, are marks of fighting on the trees, and quantities of gun-stocks and sword-sheaths lying around.

But on none of the battle-fields around Petersburg had there been more hard fighting than at Ream's Station, six miles south of the city, on the Weldon railroad. A small church near the station is perforated in all directions with shells, canister, and grape-shot, and the trees for miles around bear marks of the fiery storms that have beaten against them, cutting so many of them to the heart. All through the timber are found the usual *débris* of battle, — old shoes still tied with their leathern thongs, fragments of clothing, canteens and haversacks, belts and breast-plates that had so often been buckled over hearts throbbing with love for somebody.

Just in sight of the station, and within a stone's throw of it, lying under a large tree, was a complete skeleton, marked by a little head-board as that of a sergeant belonging to an Arkansas regiment. The scanty covering of earth had been washed away and left the skeleton entire. Parts of others lie around, but none so perfect as this.

On all these battle-fields, mindful of the anxiety of friends at home for relics, we gathered such as we could bring away conveniently. The most interesting were grape and canister shot, slugs, minie-balls, and pieces of shell cut from the trees in which they had been imbedded.

The captain, having previously armed himself with a hatchet for that purpose, rode up to the trees, cut away the chips, and loosened up the ball, then rode out, while I pressed up my gray as closely as possible to the prize, and reaching up or down, as the situation might require, plucked it out easily with my fingers. "Rare fruit our trees yield us," I exclaimed. Little did I think, when in childhood it was my delight to roam the woods in search of berries, and to pluck from the bark of the spruce its gummy treasure, that I should ever gather from the trees of my native land such fruit as this!

But we must not linger too long in this fascinating search, for already the sun is declining to the western horizon. His slanting rays penetrate the forest avenues, and light up the grim features of the skeleton under the tree with a ghastly smile. They are like fire in the windows of the planter's houses, and tinge the yellow fields with a golden hue. Admonished by the closing day, we turn our horses hastily towards home, and they, catching the spirit of our intention, bring us into camp "at double-quick."



PART II.

WITH THE FREEDMEN.

THE winter of 1865-6, I spent at Poplar Springs, Va. My work there was mainly receiving from various charitable societies in this country and England, supplies of clothing, and distributing them to the destitute freed people in the encampment, and in the country around. From nine to ten thousand dollars' worth of clothing passed through my hands to the freed people of Virginia during the winter, and the next winter, while engaged in the same work at Petersburg, seven thousand dollars' worth.

The following letters, written with a view to keep in activity the interest of friends co-operating in this good work, have already been in print, and are here subjoined as illustrating some of the fruits of American slavery — the cause of all our woe in the late civil war — and the condition of the colored race during the early days of emancipation.

CHAPTER I.

MY ANGELS.

WHEN, just before leaving Boston, I said to my venerable friend, "I would like a troop of them to accompany me," and he replied, "They surely will," I did not think his prophecy would be so nearly verified.

He, being a firm believer in the theory of "spiritual manifestations," which has so many advocates in and around Boston at the present day, had patiently and kindly favored me with many tests on which he relies for the support of his belief.

I took the ground that human helpers are our true angels. That when one comes to me in my want, my sorrow, or distress, bearing relief, that is my angel. For, granting there are spiritual beings around me, witnesses of my anguish, they, not being endowed with physical forms and members, cannot furnish me with material aid, which is what I need.

Often and often, when I have looked around on the ghastly relics of the battle-field, and heard from every quarter cries for help! help! help! have I wondered if there were indeed pitying angels who beheld the sight, and, if so, must they not long for human hands and human feet, that they might run

quickly with relief. And then with their superior wisdom and skill, how efficient would be their aid—for, slow and inadequate as was the relief we could bring with human hands, it was often received as a heavenly ministration. Some such shadowy idea as this was doubtless flitting through the brain of Lieutenant S., when, one day, after weeks of unconscious illness in the hospital, during which he had taken no nourishment save what I had persuaded him to receive from my hand, he looked up with the light of returning reason in his large blue eyes, exclaiming, "You, you, are my ministering angel!"

With such words I strove to maintain my side of the argument, while my friend insisted that spiritual beings are really present in our time of need, and aid us by influencing our fellow-mortals to administer succor. "And they will surely go with you," he said; "they will follow you, though you will not see them."

There was need enough, I thought, for the contemplated journey offered nothing inviting to my anticipations. I was leaving behind me all that I held pleasant in social life. My own home, it was true, stood desolate and uninviting, with no tear for my departure, and no smile to welcome my return; but many other homes, "Homes not alien, though not mine," still warm and bright with the light of hope and love, stood open to me, and it was something to turn away from all these. My journey

would lead me among strangers and away from any human protection to which I might lay claim. The rushing rail-car, the creaking, flying steamboat would bear me swiftly to scenes where all was strange and terrible to my apprehension. And if invisible spirits, full of love and sympathy, are with me on the way, what can they do for me? I am "of the earth, earthy," my human want requires human help. They have no voice with which to speak to the ear words of consolation — no hands to shield me from danger — no arm on which I may lean, or feet to walk by my side through the crowded thoroughfares. Surely, if my pockets are picked, or if I am subjected to the annoyances of rude or wicked men, or if by collision, or other accident, I feel my limbs being crushed beneath falling timbers, it would be slight relief to *hope* that heavenly beings are looking on with pitying eyes.

It was from such a reverie, just as the evening train was about to leave the crowded depot in Boston, that a pleasant voice interrupted me, and a strange gentleman asked permission to take the vacant seat by my side. There was nothing peculiar in this, neither was there anything peculiar in the man. He was going from Boston to New York, on some errand of business, and preferred to while away the hours by chatting on the ordinary topics of the day, rather than to spend them in the smoking-car, or doze them away in solitude. To divert

me from my gloomy thoughts during the evening ride, to secure my state-room on the boat, to escort me thither, carrying my travelling-bag, and to bid me good-night with complimentary wishes, cost him little effort, but it was much to me. I know not his name, whether he was a good or bad man; but if he had been an angel, commissioned especially to care for me during that stage of the journey, I do not know that he could have done more.

The night passed quietly on the Sound, and the early dawn brought us safely to the dock in New York. Here my angel took the form of a good-natured hack driver, conducting me safely to my destination, and when there, he spoke through the voices of friends and little children bidding me a joyful welcome.

I had purposed to spend only a few days in New York, thinking that my work was ready for me at my journey's end, but my angel knew better. The scene of my winter's work was not yet prepared for me, and not one day too soon or too late would he allow me to proceed on my journey; so, with various pretexts, through the kindly persuasions of friends, he prolonged my stay, until every arrangement was made by persons who did not then know of my existence, and then said *go* so unmistakably, that nothing could delay me another hour. Again my weak faith faltered, when I found myself on the evening train from New York to Baltimore, where

I was to arrive at midnight. My companion, this time, was more helpless than myself, being a poor German woman, who could neither speak nor understand a word of English ; could signify her destination only by an address on the back of an envelope ; and my few words of sympathy and assistance brought the tears streaming from her eyes.

But no sooner had the cars arrived in Baltimore, than my angel appeared with a lantern in his hand, his pockets well filled with business-looking documents, a slouched hat, and pleasant voice. He took me in charge, escorted me through the crowd and the darkness, and did not leave my side until he had placed me in a carriage, and given the driver strict injunctions to land me safely at the Eutaw House.

The next day was spent in Baltimore, where angelic forms and voices were constantly near me, with words of affection, and every helpful service that I needed, and left me only when I was safely embarked on the steamboat, bound for City Point. Another night on the water was safely passed ; the full moon lent its pleasant light, the waters were tranquil as a "summer's sea," and sleep, undisturbed as in the seclusion of home, came with its refreshing influences to my wearied body.

The morning came, and we saw the sun rise gloriously over Fortress Monroe. Its beams sparkled from the dancing waters around that wonder-

ful piece of masonry, the "Rip-Raps;" revealed the rows of big, black guns, with their ominous mouths pointing towards us, and gilded the "stars and stripes" floating over the "strong tower" occupied by the arch-traitor Davis.

Then came on the beautiful Indian summer day, and through its warm, bright atmosphere we steam up the James, past the long, low stretch of Newport News; past Yorktown, where are seen in a little coppice, close to the water's edge, the remains of the dark brick church (only a wall with a pretty arch in it) in which Pocahontas was baptized; past Wilson's Landing; past the Carter estate, its brick houses still imposing, though built in the year of our Lord 1670; past Harrison's Landing; and now we come safely to City Point.

During all this time my angel has been near me in the character of the captain of the boat, whom I have recognized as an old acquaintance, and who makes all safe and comfortable for me until I find myself in the train for our short railroad ride to Petersburg.

Thus the journey, which I anticipated only with gloomy foreboding, turns out something very much like a pleasure excursion, through the human angels who attend my way.

For how much of their kindness I am indebted to the influence of supernatural beings, is not for me to say. It would be pleasant, indeed, to believe

that, when following a kindly impulse towards our fellows, we are yielding ourselves to the guidance of some of that celestial host who by

“Thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without rest,”

and who through our hands, our feet, our tongues, accomplish their heavenly ministrations.

Oh, ye young and brave, to whom the grasshopper is not yet a burden, and no fear is in the way, befriend the timid and unprotected. Lend the help of your good right arm and your strong hand to the lonely stranger whom you meet in the rail-car, the crowded station, or the steamboat.

So for the time shall you be to her as the ANGEL OF GOD.

CHAPTER II.

POPLAR SPRINGS.

ENCAMPMENT OF FREED PEOPLE,
POPLAR SPRINGS, VA., December 4, 1865. }

IN the winter of 1864-5 the Fiftieth New York Engineer Regiment, belonging to the Sixth Corps, was encamped near Poplar Springs, about four miles from Petersburg. Here they constructed a camp not surpassed in beauty and convenience by any in the Army of the Potomac.

In the midst of a beautiful pine grove they cleared a spot of from one to two acres for the head-quarters' houses. This space was levelled, beaten, and sanded, until it became hard and smooth as a house-floor. At the head of this space, and overlooking the encampment, was a row of houses for the Colonel and his staff-officers, and opposite them, across the level area, another row for the line officers. At right angles to these, running out into the pine grove, and parallel to each other, were the streets, on each side of which were the neat little log-cabins of the private soldiers. They were laid out with perfect regularity, and brought by skilful labor to the same degree of smoothness and hardness as the open space above. The officers' quarters were all of the

stockade order, the pine logs being split, and placed on the inside, so that, when cemented by the natural mortar of the country, they give the deep brown color of the bark, externally, while within the walls are of a clear, light yellow. The fronts were finished off with pines, of about two inches in diameter, split, laid closely together, and nailed on the flat surface, covering the cement, and giving a plain brown color to the whole.

But the chief object of attraction is the church, standing at one end of the open area, and fronting inwardly; built in the form of the heavy cross, which was the badge of the Sixth Corps; of the same general structure as the houses; its front, and arched doorway and windows, ornamented with the same exquisite work of slender pines, in their native brown; its belfry bearing the beautiful badge of the Engineer Corps; its graceful spire, outreaching by twice their height the tallest of the surrounding pines, — it produces the effect of a pretty little antique Gothic.

They had scarcely brought their camp to the perfection at which they aimed, when, with the news of Lee's surrender, came the order for the regiment to move, and, pleasant as was the prospect of peace and home, they left the scene of their pleasant labors with many a fond regret.

To them succeeded a part of the Second Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery, who occupied the camp

a part of the summer, leaving, when they moved, a detail of men to guard the buildings until the camp and its environs, including several square miles, were taken possession of by the Freedmen's Bureau. Here are now collected five or six hundred of the colored people, just escaped from the "barbarism of slavery," who being, as one may say, in the infancy of manhood, the Government, like a "cherishing mother," is holding by the hand until they shall be able to go alone.

The representatives of the Freedmen's Bureau in this department are doing for them all that they can; the National Freedman's Relief Association is doing all it can; friends in England have done much by sending quantities of stout under-garments; and yet, such is their destitution and suffering, that I doubt if to most of these poor humans, whose "masters were *worser* to them after the war began, and so they done runned away," the exchange is not a leap "from the frying-pan into the fire." They are, in general, willing to work, but the old slavocracy will not employ them if it can possibly do without, and they have a horror of going North. Still, of the five or six hundred collected in and about this encampment, only about one hundred and fifty draw Government rations, the remainder contriving in some way to subsist themselves.

"Did you have a good master in North Carolina?" I asked of a carpenter who was making

some repairs on my quarters. "Yes, madam; as the general run of them goes in that country, I can't say but I did." "Would you not have done better to stay with him?" "Oh, no, indeed, madam. I'm bound to believe I can do better to have my own labor. To earn a hundred dollars for another man, and not get a hundred cents for yourself, is poor business."

Walking around their quarters, and looking into their little huts, one sees pitiable signs of destitution and suffering, but hears no desire to return to the old masters.

"That," said a bright, young, yellow woman to me, to-day, pointing to a very black, coarse-looking one, "is the woman that done set my house afire and burnt up my little baby."

"Set your house afire! what did she do that for?"

"Well, mistus, in de fus place, she done stole some meat what 'longs to me; then she stole some clo's what 'longs to me; and I tole her of it, and she quarrelled with me about it, and said she'd be 'venged on me; and so, one day, while I was gone to the spring to get some water, she done took a great coal of fire and put it into my bunk, and the wood and straw was so dry that it blazed right up, and when I got back, the roof was all burnt in and my little baby was burnt to death. I put my hand into the fire to pull her out, and that's what makes it so lame now."

"How do you know that this woman set your house on fire?"

"Because, mistus, there was nobody else near but her and her boy; and he stands to it that he saw her put the fire into my bunk."

"How old was your baby?"

"Going on two months, mistus; and I feels right sorry about it, for it was a mighty handsome little baby; everybody took a fancy to her, and said she was the nicest baby in camp. I'se used to work all my life, and I loves to work, and I scuffled hard for the things what she stole from me, and I allers keeps my chillun looking nice; the Captain praises me mightily. Now I'se lost everything; but I would n't mind, if she had n't burnt up my little baby."

This is a dark picture, but we must remember that slavery is degrading, and that degradation means sin and crime.

"I'se had twelve chillun," said a poor woman, "sitting by her lone," "and they'se all sold away from me, down to New Orleans. I don't know what has become of one of 'em. It hurts me mightily to think of 'em."

Looking around the walls of her hut, at the variety of "old traps" she had brought with her, I saw a pair of cards, such as in old times used to accompany the spinning-wheel

"And so you brought your cards along, aunty; did you think you would find cotton here?"

"Oh, no, honey. I fotched 'em from Car'lina for my ha'r. They is what we combs our ha'r with."

"How old are you, aunty?"

"I can't say 'zactly, honey; but I knows I'se mighty old."

In the spacious building erected for the Colonel's quarters, a school is just established under the auspices of the New York National Freedman's Relief Association, where more than a hundred of all ages congregate daily, eager to obtain that dangerous thing, especially in the eyes of their *worser* masters, "a little learning." Last evening, hearing the sounds of a prayer-meeting in the school-room, I walked across the open area to the place. The grounds were white under the light of the full moon. The pretty church, with its heavenward-pointing spire, stood clearly revealed on my right. The encircling pine grove, moved by a gentle south wind, murmured its unceasing music. As I stepped across the threshold of the arched doorway, I saw that the room was crowded, so that I could with difficulty obtain a standing place within. They were engaged in singing, the audience, all around the sides of the room, standing, accompanying the music with a swaying motion of the body like a dancing measure, while the centre was occupied by *mourners* kneeling on the floor so near to each

other, and their heads bowed so low, that they formed a complete mosaic of old hoods, turbans, Shaker bonnets, and the light calico rags in which they are clothed; for these poor creatures, in coming up out of the house of bondage, unlike their Egyptian prototypes, brought no "spoils of silver, or gold, or raiment."

Their music was a jargon of unearthly sounds, in which the words, "lined out" by the leader, seemed of little account. Sometimes you catch a few lines, such as —

"My soul was grieved and full of woe,
Alas! I know no where to go."

"He lead me to Mount Cal-va-ree,
And showed how good he was to me."

"His temple locks all stained with blood.
And every minit was one hour."

Sometimes it would change to a livelier measure, as —

"I thank God I'm bound to die,
Glory, Hallelujah!
O sinners, min' how you step on the cross,
Glory, Hallelujah!
O Chrishuns, min' how you walk on the cross,
Glory, Hallelujah!"

Continued, with many repetitions, half an hour, then there was a vehement exhortation to the mourners to surrender their hearts immediately, a

reproof to any who might be tired of kneeling, reminding them at the same time that "allers when the Lord build a church, the devil build a chapel close by."

Then Sister Nancy Brooks was called on to pray, and her desires were expressed after this manner: "O Father Almighty, O sweet Jesus, most gloriful King, will you be so pleased to come dis way, and put your eye on dese yere poor mourners. O sweet Jesus, ain't you de Daniel God? Did n't you deliber the tree chillun from de firy furnis? Did n't you hear Jonah cry from de belly of de whale? Oh, if dere be one seeking mourner here dis afternoon, if dere be one sinking Peter, if dere be one weeping Mary, if dere be one doubting Thomas, won't you be so pleased to come and deliber them? Won't you mount your Gospel horse an' ride roun' de souls of dese yere mourners, and say, 'Go in peace, and sin no more.' Won't you be so pleased to come wid de love in one hand, and de fan in de odder han', to fan away doubts? Won't you be so pleased to shake dese yere souls over hell, and not let 'em fall in?"

But of all indescribable things, nothing is more so than a religious meeting of these freed people, for, although a few words may be caught up and remembered, their peculiar turn of expression and utterance, their cries and groans and vehement gesticulations, forming a wonderful combination of

the solemn and grotesque, can never be reduced to language. The excitement increases to the end, when some of the mourners are, at times, so exhausted by the strength of their emotions that they must be assisted to their huts, where they spend a great part of the night in alternate sobs and praise, and the next day are "monstrous bad, with misery in the back and head."

Yet this is their worship. Their meetings are conducted with the greatest solemnity and sincerity; they constitute their "religious privileges," and with such spiritual help many are daily passing into the unseen world.

CHAPTER III.

DOMESTIC RELATIONS OF THE FREEDMEN.

THE domestic relations of the freedmen, if indeed they can be said to have any, are, to use one of their own expressions, "the most twistedest up" affairs conceivable. This, however, is one of the legitimate fruits of slavery, and it will take many generations of freedom to bring them out of their present condition of chaos. What most surprises one in this connection is, that families having no legal bond hang together as well as they do.

"My husband and I have lived together fifteen years," says the mother of a large family of children, "and we wants to be married over again now."

"I have lived with my husband twenty-one years," says another. "He has always been good to me, and my ways have pleased him, and so we are both satisfied." "She is my fifth wife," says an old man, of the present incumbent of his bed and board, "and I believe I could live with her anywhere."

"They kept my husband away from me three years," says Judy, "and tried to make me marry another man, but I wouldn't do it. They couldn't make me love anybody but Sam; of course they

could n't, and I would n't marry anybody else. But if my master found him on his grounds, he'd whip him; and if his master knew of his being away from home, he'd whip him; and then they sold him away, and I could n't hear where he was. After he had been gone three years, I was sick, and master sent me to the doctor's to be cured. One night I heard some one knocking at my doe, and I called out, 'Who's thar?'—'Sam!'—'Sam who?'—'You would n't know any better than you does now, if I tol' you. I want to find the way to Dr. T.'s.'—'You is at Dr. T.'s now, but who is you?'—'My name is Sam, but they call me Sam Beverly.' (They did call him Sam Beverly, because he 'longed to Miss Harrit Beverly.) Then I got out of bed, and crawled to the doe, and opened it, and I says, 'Sam, is this you?' and he caught me in his arms, and says, 'Judy, is this you?' and I was so glad, and after that I could n't get well fast enough. He had been sold back into that part of the country, and had got leave to come up to the doctor's to see his wife. Then he coaxed his master to buy me; and we have lived together ever since, and that was eleven years ago. My owner said he would n't sell me if I was well; but he thought I was going to die, and sold me off his hands, so as not to lose me entirely."

Yet, among many remarkable instances of family devotion and constancy, we must not be surprised to find occasional exceptions.

"Do you think," I asked of a sick woman, "that your husband will ever return to take care of you and his little children?" "Do' know, missus; men is so kind o' queer like; 'pears like dar's no 'pending on 'em any how."

"My husband done lef' me for good," said another. "'Pears like men is n't studyin' 'bout one woman now days, dey's studyin' 'bout two or three." These uncharitable remarks were doubtless aimed only at persons of their own color, and intended to have no wider application.

"Why in the world," I asked of a sensible woman, who was calling her boy "Jeff Davis," across the way, "did you give that name to your child?" "I did n't want to call him so, missus; but ole master named him, and I could n't help it; I wanted to call him Thomas." "You had better change it now, and not compel him to bear that name through life. He will be ashamed of it when he grows up." "Yes, missus; I think I'll call him THOMAS GRANT." They invariably give their names Tom, Billy, Jack; and when interrogated as to their patronymics, hesitate, as if trying to invent a name, and then give that of their former owner, or the town or county from whence they come. Or they will answer, "My name is Peter, but my title is Raleigh;" or, "My name is Mary, but they call me Branch." It is not unusual to find in a family of half a dozen children, as many shades of color and as many different *titles*.

Still greater is the uncertainty as to age. "I am seventeen or seventy," says a young woman; and a middle-aged man asks for something for his old mother, "thirty years old." The dates from which they reckon are, Christmas, planting time, Fourth of July, and corn time; and the unlucky waif who does not make his advent at one of these epochs, must date from that nearest. From the mixed character of his domestic relations has perhaps arisen the charge that the negro is wanting in natural affection.

That there should be some grounds for such accusation does not appear strange, when we consider that to the slave an increase of children is only an increase of gain to the pocket of his owner. The child born under bondage belongs neither to father nor mother, but to master. The parents cannot even select a name for it, and are sure of possessing it only during the first month. After that their only parental privilege is to labor at odd moments for its maintenance; and at any day it may be separated from them forever by sale or division of estate. This, they say, is so much worse than death, "because, when your child dies, you know where it is; but when he is sold away, you never know what may happen to him."

"My master was the father of two of my girls," says a freed-woman; "and when they were both dead, he whipped me because I said I was glad of

it. But I was glad, for I had seen them suffer with sickness, and I knew if they had lived, master would sell them away from me as he had the others, but when they were dead he could not mistreat them, as he had mistreated me." That the negro is capable of the truest and most devoted affection, and that his heart, in absence, is afflicted with the same longing for kindred as the heart which throbs under a white skin, is attested by abundant proof. Witness the anxiety of mothers peering into every strange face, to see if they can discern some trace of the long-lost child; their agonized expressions, when attempting to relate the horrible tale of separation; old men begging to have letters written to the place where their boys were last heard from; children undertaking long and tiresome journeys because they cannot repress the yearning to see once more the face of the old father or mother, if peradventure they be yet alive.

Looking out one cold day in January, I saw an old cart-body with a mule attached to it, standing at the door of a cabin, whose occupant was suffering from a chronic disease that had disabled her for life. On inquiry, I found that her sister and brother-in-law had come a distance of seventy miles, in this crazy old vehicle, over the rough winter roads, to take her and her two little children home, so that the family might all be near to their aged mother. They had "made corn enough to last

them *untwell* corn time again," and had no doubt of being able to provide for all. The next morning was cold and frosty, but they started off at an early hour on the journey which would occupy two or three days, the invalid lying in the bottom of the wagon, the younger child sitting by her side, while the brother, sister, and elder child walked. Where, in the annals of our own race, can we find an example of more affectionate self-sacrifice? Returning to camp, one morning, from a ride of a few miles in the country, I overtook an old man walking in the same direction, and, entering into conversation with him, found that he was in search of a daughter who had been separated from him and her mother, when an infant of a few months, by division of estate. From that time he had had no certain news of her, though he had all the time reason to think that she was not far away. For the last three years he had been travelling through Nottoway, Dinwiddie, Chesterfield, and Amelia counties, pushing his inquiries wherever his limited means would allow, but he had obtained no clue to her until last night, when he received a letter telling him that she was at Poplar Grove Encampment, the mother of three children. I inquired her name, and told him that I knew her well, and would lead him to her house. So riding up to the little cabin under the tall trees, I called her out and presented her to her father. The iron yoke of servitude has made

them undemonstrative, and their emotions are expressed only by a clasping of hands, and a mute, inquiring gaze into each other's faces. Presently the little grand-daughter walks up, a pretty quadroon child of eight or nine years, with glossy black curls, a tin vessel of water poised on her head. "Lucy Ann, this is your grandfather." The child, still preserving the poise, lays her hand in that of the old man, with "howdy', grandfather?" He immediately begins to talk about taking them home to the mother, at Nottoway, and in a few days they are gone. Instances of this kind are constantly occurring, where the magnetism of kinship, as strong in the black man as in the white, is drawing together and reuniting family circles, with which slavery has made such fearful havoc. The kindness of the colored people towards orphans and homeless children is remarkable, and in this respect their humanity often puts to shame that of the whites. Perhaps the sad experience of their race in the rending of domestic ties, and the sorrows of orphanage, may account for the tenderness with which they regard these unfortunates, and the readiness with which they place them among their own children, and divide with them their scanty morsel. Not long since, an old man came into camp, bringing in his arms a child of about two years (having walked with her twelve miles), which he said he found a

year ago last Christmas, in one of the owner's out-houses, left entirely alone.

He had kept her ever since, and the family had grown so fond of her, that nothing but poverty compelled him now to part with her. "But where are her father and mother?" "As to her father," he said, glancing at her light skin and smooth, auburn hair, "he would n't acknowledge her if he could be found; and the mother, they told me, was compelled to leave the place by barbarous treatment." The child had evidently been well cared for, and when the old man set her down, and turned reluctantly away, she cried bitterly at being left behind, but a good old aunty in camp immediately adopted her, and she is now perfectly happy with her new "mammy."

CHAPTER IV.

RELICS OF BARBARISM.

JANUARY 8, 1866.

LIVING in an encampment of freed people affords one a rare opportunity of observing the general effects of slavery. Here the monster "being dead, yet speaketh," through thousands of prisoners come up out of the prison-house, and his ugly apparition stalks in broad daylight, revealed in all its hideous proportions.

Here are seen men and women, literally children of a hundred years, whose intellects have been dwarfed and held down by the hard hand of oppression; and here, young women, comely in person, refined in feeling, sensitive in nature, bearing on their bodies the marks of the master's lash, administered by his own hand, and he at once their father and the father of their children. As I walk about the encampment, I often look into the little hut where poor old Si Gillis, nearly blind, sits before his lonely hearth, holding out his hands to the fire, as if to obtain a little of its warmth were his only remaining earthly consolation. He is very tall, though now bent by the weight of years; his fea-

tures are regular, and he must once have had a noble physique.

"How old are you, uncle?"

"Eighty-three years old, madam."

"Were you a free man before the war?"

"Oh, no, madam. I've been a slave, a dead slave, all my life."

"Would not your master take care of you after you had served him so long?"

"No, madam; he always worked me hard, and kept me hard, and at last he died himself. If he'd a' lived, he'd a' made me knock as long as I could a' knocked, and then he'd a' shoved me off with a piece of bread, only enough to keep me from starving—just as he did my brother, who was a hundred years old when he died, and had been a slave all his life."

"Did you have a family, uncle?"

"Yes, madam; I had children, and grand-children, and great grand-children, but they were all sold away from me; and I don't know where one of them is but my daughter that lives in Petersburg, and she's a cripple."

So, day after day, the old man sits alone in the docility of second childhood, with nothing in the past but his slave life, and in the present, solitude and poverty. Yet he believes in God, and hopes for

"Some humble heaven,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold."

"It is some comfort," he says, "that he will die a free man;" and when I take to his cabin a slight gift of food or clothing, his "Thank you, madam, thank you, madam, thank you, madam," follows me as far as I can hear down the walk.

Near to him lives old Biddy Williams.

"She was raised," she says, "and always lived with the first quality of white folks." She passed through several generations of the same family, who were all very good to her, but they died, and she is left penniless and alone. Then all the nice things that her "last missus" gave her were stolen from her, and now her sole dependence is on the charity of strangers.

Her mother was brought from Africa in a large slave-ship, at the age of ten years, and had filled Biddy's retentive memory with many tales and customs of that happy land beyond the sea, where they had plenty of corn and meat, and everything that heart "could wish;" where the slave-men that Biddy used to see, when she was a child, in Richmond, with their faces tattooed, were the highest quality of gentle folks, and where, when young children died, they were buried near the highway, and every one that passed their graves for a twelve-month threw on them a green twig or flower.

"I was born, missus, the year that Gen. Washington's war broke up. Which was first, missus, Gen. Washington's war or Gen. Braddock's?"

"Gen. Braddock's."

"And what does dey all call dis yere last war?"

"The war of the Great Rebellion."

"Well, missus, what will dey call the nex' war?"

"I hope we will not have another war, Biddy."

"Oh, dear, you tink so, missus? I'se mighty glad, for dey all told me dere would be de wussest war ob de whole dis year."

To-day, in the midst of the cold, driving rain, Biddy knocks at the door of my log-cabin.

"Oh, missus, can you give me some shoes and stockings? My feet is so cold, and I has nobody to get my wood and rations, and I'se 'bliged to go out in the rain, and my clo's is so thin dat de cold goes all through my body."

"Come in, and stand by my fire, Biddy, and I will see what I can do for you."

Looking among the remnants of the last box I received from kind friends at the North, filled with gifts for these poor outcasts, I find shoes, stockings, warm underclothing, and a hood, with which I tell Biddy to go home, and make herself comfortable as speedily as possible.

"Oh, thank you, missus, thank you, dear missus. God bless you; you certainly has help me mightily. When is you g'wine away from yere, missus?"

"I don't know, Biddy. Not very soon, I hope."

"Oh, please don't you go and leave us, missus; you is our missus and mammy too."

"I lacks nine years of being a hundred, missus," says Violet Hastings, who still stands erect, and has a pleasant countenance, though very black; "and, O missus, I 'se been de hardest working old nigger ever you see. None of your mean niggers, either, dat you has to keep a beating all de time. When you tells me what you wants done, you may go 'way, and when you comes back you finds it all done—des so; and den when I 'd worked so hard for 'em all, missus, to have 'em turn me off without a piece of bread, or a rag of clo's—dat grieves me to de heart. Col. Kit Haskins is de youngest of my set o' white folks, and he 's a gran' daddy, and he said he could n't keep me to sit down and do nothing, and I might go and get the Yankees to take care of me; so he drove me off. I used to be somebody, but I 'se come down mighty low now. I often prays de Lord to let me die, but he does n't hear dat prayer—he don't mind my humors."

"How many children have you had, Violet?"

"Seventeen, missus."

"And how many husbands?"

"Only one, missus; and there nebber was a poor old nigger had a better husband than I did. I lived with him thirty years; smack up to the time he died; and now ought n't it to be a great pleasure to me to think he was always kind, and that there nebber was one jarring word between us?"

"Certainly it should. Good-bye, Violet."

"Far'well, my kind missus, far'well, far'well. I hope we will meet in heaven, if we don't meet here again."

"I hope so, too, Violet. I shall be real glad to see you there."

"I'm sure we shall know each other."

"Yes, indeed, Violet. Good-bye."

On the same street with these lives Charley White, preacher, and leader of prayer-meetings, his countenance beaming with good nature, and enjoying the reputation of being *smart* as well as *devout*. He regrets that he cannot read, but knows a *heap* of hymns. Would like me to give him a good shirt and hat, that "I may look kinder decent when I goes among folks," and talks of "making a *prescription* to buy a pair of shoes."

He was a slave up to the fall of Petersburg, has changed masters many times, and seems to think it a grand joke that he is no longer a salable article.

"How much did you bring at the sale, Charley?"

"The last time I was sold, missus, they put me on the block, here at Petersburg two years ago come June, and sold me for four hundred dollars in Confederate money. Dat was only forty dollars in gold, yah, yah, yah, he, he, he," and I leave him half convulsed with his yah, yahs, he, hes.

Walking half a mile from the camp, across the track of a demolished railroad, which a year ago

was in constant use, carrying supplies from City Point to our great army investing Petersburg, I came to a little settlement of the more enterprising, who are determined, if possible, to make a living for themselves. Some do so by "odd jobs" in the town. Some by digging lead balls, with which many of the hills around are as thickly sown as corn-fields after the spring's planting.

A woman, whose only clothing for herself and little daughter for the last two years has been old tenting, or other refuse of camps, patched together, tells me, "I and my husband digs balls all the week, and Saturday we sells them for two dollars and a half, and buys corn-meal and old bacon. We thought we would n't bother the Government to give us anything, it has so many to take care of; and we has taken care of ourselves ever since *you alls* came into Petersburg."

Marth Wiley stands leaning over the fence which surrounds her little cabin. I declined her invitation to "walk in," but stand and talk with her in the pleasant sunshine. She is a handsome quadroon woman, with large, black eyes and a very sweet voice. The little mulatto girl, Etta, with her mother's eyes, and hair like an infinity of cork-screws set thickly over her head, looks up at me wonderingly, as I take a slender twig from her hand and run it through the rows of woolly screws, not crisp and hard like the hair of most colored children, but soft and pliable as down. The father is at his

daily toil, and Andrew, the pretty octoroon boy, in whose face you can hardly discern a trace of the African, is at school. Remarking on the difference of complexion in the two children, draws from Martha some account of her slave life.

Her master is a wealthy physician in Dinwiddie. He is her father, and the father of her boy Andrew. Also the father of her brother and sister, and of her sister's two children. Yet he never gave them a "string of clothing" for their children. For this they were obliged to "scuffle" as they could, at the same time working hard for the doctor's family. She and Wiley had always loved each other, but the doctor never allowed him to visit her. His visits were always by stealth, and when discovered were succeeded by a whipping from her master, "with raw-hide, paddle, strap, or switch." At length came the "year of jubilee;" but Wiley could not come away without Martha because he loved her, and Martha could not come without Andrew because she loved him; so they came, bringing the two children, who are equally dear to her; and the freed bondsman is working hard to earn bread for the son of the wealthy doctor.

These are not extreme or exceptional, but only representative cases of such as we meet everywhere among the freedmen. They are but the natural outgrowth of that "peculiar institution" which, four years ago, Vice-President Stephens declared to be the "Corner-stone of the Confederacy."

CHAPTER V.

A DAY WITH THE FREEDMEN.

FEBRUARY 8, 1866.

QUITE early this morning, before I had arisen from the breakfast-table, there were several knocks at my door, by people of whom it was almost literally true that they had "nothing to wear."

Good human creatures, too, made of the same kind of clay as yourself, Miss Flora McFlimsey, with the same capacities for suffering and enjoyment, and, according to their conditions, just as anxious to make a good appearance in the world.

My little waiting-maid, Lucy, put several of them off with information that "Miss Charlotte was at breakfast;" but one, more importunate than the rest, pressed her claims so resolutely that Lucy was obliged to succumb. By this time, having finished my breakfast, I went to the door, and found an aged woman, who, I afterwards learned, rejoiced in the aristocratic name of Isabella Pegram. She was of low stature, her garments clean and tidy, though made up of patches in which white predominated; the blue cape of a military coat buttoned around her shoulders, with its bright brass buttons, a close hood, made of some dark material, drawn tightly

down over her withered features, and a heavy walking-stick in her hand.

"Good morning, aunty; how are you?"

"Only tol'able, thank you, missus; how is yourself?"

"Quite well, I thank you; what do you wish for?"

"I's a lady that's never been to see you before, and I wants, if you please, ma'am, to get some clo'se for myself and my three little gran'children. They's motherless chillun, and has nobody to take care of 'em but me."

"How far have you walked this morning, aunty?"

"Three miles, missus."

"Then you must be tired; come in and rest a little."

"'Deed, missus, I'se mighty tired, and painified in my limbs, too," and, declining the proffered chair, she seats herself humbly on the hearth, in my chimney-corner.

"How old are you, aunty?"

"I don't know, missus, how old I is; but I knows I is n't young, 'cause I has so many old folk's pains."

"You ought not to be out this cold morning, with your painified limbs."

"'Pears like it's been mighty cold ever since Christmas, but we couldn't 'spect any thing else, 'cause it was such pious weather all afore Christmas, and what can't be *holp* must be *enjured*."

I was now ready to go to the store-room, whither I was followed by the retinue that had been waiting around the door, all wishing "to draw," and from whence I had scarcely dismissed Isabella, with a big bundle of such articles as I thought adapted to her wants, when a woman of Amazonian proportions pressed through the crowd.

"Here's I, missus. I'se the lady that spoke to you last night; and you promised me some things for myself and my two gran' chillun. I walked yesterday from crack o'day till sun-down, ten miles, to come to you, 'cause I heard you had some things to give to we all. This coat as I has on I borrowed from a neighbor, and my little gran' chillun is a most stark naked. I'se done men', an men', an' men', an' men'. I'se got to walk back to-day, so please, ma'am, discharge me as soon as you can. Here's my ticket." Saying which, she held out a bit of paper on which was neatly written, in a lady's hand, "Judy Green — sixty years old. Has been the mother of seventeen children. Has had her right arm broken."

Having "discharged" Judy with a bundle as large as she was able to carry, and for which she was very grateful, assuring me that she would come and see me again when the walking gets better, I attend to the others, and, after due inquiry into the circumstances, make up a bundle for each of such articles as they seem most to require. Some receive

the gifts as a matter of course, while others almost dance for joy at the sight of the warm garments, taxing their vocabulary to the utmost for words to express their gratitude to me and the kind donors at the North, whom they "does love," and saying, as they turn away with their faces all aglow, "I'll fetch you some more eggs, Miss Charlotte;" or, "My husband says he'll kill you some more *ol'hars*,"—hares being plenty at this season.

Among the applicants are Rachel Harper, who has been the mother of eighteen children, six of whom are living with her, asking Government rations this morning for the first time, as the leaden balls are "getting *scace*," and Mary Perham, a widow with eight children, for five of whom she draws rations, and "has to *scuffle* for the rest."

Ann Brown, whose noble determination not to "bother the Government" was spoken of in a previous letter, has come to ask for something in which to shroud her little girl (the last of eight children), who died last night. In reply to my few words of condolence, she says, quietly, "She said just before she died, 'I'm going home to rest. Don't cry when I'm gone, mammy.'"

One woman wants a "*dost* of castor-oil" for her sick child; and as I take down the bottle from the shelf, she presents a small glass inkstand with a little side spout.

"This is a very inconvenient vessel to take it in; why did n't you bring a cup?"

"Had n't any."

"What have you besides this?"

"Only a small chance of old tin cans and a spoon."

After the crowd had subsided a little, a nice-looking quadroon boy comes to ask for shoes. I allow him to come in and try on some second-hand boots, and he fits himself to a pair, which makes his handsome eyes shine. In the meantime he tells his story: Was "raised in North Carolina." Was in the rebel army during the first two years of the war, waiting on his master; then was taken into the Union army, and waited on Federal officers. Now is working with his uncle near here.

"What is your name?"

"John Richards is my Sunday name; my everyday name, John Atis."

Thus passed the morning, and I had just returned to my log-cabin, when an Irish woman, whom I had known in Petersburg last summer, came in. I was familiar with her story. Her husband was an industrious, hard-working man, and, having his wife and five little children to support, had avoided going into the rebel army. To do this, he had sometimes been obliged to absent himself from his family, and remain in concealment for a month at a time.

One evening, last winter, his wife being out of the

house, and he having just been up-stairs to put his little ones in bed, three rebel soldiers came into the yard and called him outside. The moment he appeared, they all three discharged their muskets at him, and he fell. He had life enough left to crawl into the house. "When I came home," she said, "I found him lying dead across the hearth, and Christmas-day I buried him." The shock broke her heart; but she must still struggle to get bread for her children. "Och, mavourneen," she said, as she sat down, wiping away the tears, "an' it's hardships has driven me out to ye. I nivir tho't I could be so poor, or see such hard times as I have seen since ye went away. They stole me mule that was earning me three dollars a day; then they stole me pigs and me hens; and then I laid down sick, and I thought sure I was about to die. If it hadn't been for the money ye gave me when ye went away, we'd all a' perished. Sure that was the dearest ten dollars I ever had in me life; may the Lord Almighty bless ye."

"I am very glad the money was useful to you; but your gratitude is due to friends at the North, who pitied your condition, and sent the money for your relief."

"Sure the people of the North is kind. I wish I was at the North. Here, they all look strange upon me. I've been in the country now five years, and I know nobody."

I gave her a bundle of such articles as I had at hand for her children, and she left for her return walk of four miles, encouraged by the promise of help hereafter.

Late in the afternoon, Sylvia Oliver comes in to ask me to write a letter to her "old master," from whom she has been absent only a few weeks. So I open my desk and sit down to write while she dictates. "Tell him it took all the money I had to come to Petersburg; and so I could not go any farther, and since I came here I have heard my mother is dead. Tell him I would not have left him, only I was so anxious to see my mother. Tell him, if he will send me money to come back with, I will try to be a faithful servant. I will try to make it up to him. Tell him, I had rather live with him and Miss Ann than any one else."

Sylvia is intelligent, quiet, and womanly in manner, lovable and grateful in disposition. The desire to return is creditable both to herself and her master, to whom she is sincerely attached, and whom she regrets ever having left.

CHAPTER VI.

MY SABBATH MORNING SERVICE.

MARCH 18, 1866.

THIS morning, before I had quite finished making my toilet, and ere the sun seemed to have measured a yard above the eastern horizon, the door of my log-cabin opened gently, and a tall, fine-looking man, with a basket in his hand, looked in, saying, "Good-morning, Miss Charlotte; some eggs for your breakfast."

Having seen this man once before, I recognized him, and returned his salutation with, "Good-morning, George." He was a mulatto, with a frank, pleasant face, polite manners, and using just such language as a white gentleman would under similar circumstances.

Taking the basket from his hand, I found a dozen eggs, laid nicely between layers of cotton, and took them out with a feeling akin to weeping; for I knew how, from day to day, they had been gathered and laid away for me, where many little mouths had watered for them, and that they were now brought twenty-five miles, an offering of affection. George lives ten miles above Dinwiddie Court-House, and

Dinwiddie Court-House is at least fifteen miles from here.

"We have come once more to you, Miss Charlotte," he said, "to see if you can give us a little help for our wives and children. We could not afford to lose another day from our work, so we started yesterday, two hours to-night, and walked to within six miles of the Grove, and then struck a fire and camped out."

"You are trying to make a crop for yourself now, are you, George?"

"Yes, madam. I hire a piece of ground, and pay the owner one-fourth of the crop; and then I give him two days' work out of every week for the use of his horse to plough my ground."

"Were you a slave or a free man heretofore?"

"Always a slave, madam. I was sold out of Maryland into Virginia, five years ago this gone Christmas, and have been with my owner in Dinwiddie ever since, until the surrender."

His countenance fell when I told him that now, as when he came last week, I could give him only a very little help; and at my exclamation of surprise that he should have taken this long walk a second time, he said, "You know, Miss Charlotte, that every little helps, and when a man has wife and children to work for, he is bound to make all edges cut, if it is only for three cents."

Looking out on the street in front of my cabin, I saw a company of seventeen,—fifteen men and two-

women,—who had come with George, and for whom he acted as leader and spokesman. I took their names and the number of persons whom they represented, and found the aggregate to be eighty-five. With one or two exceptions, they were sad, earnest-looking men, taking up courageously the heavy burden which had all at once fallen upon them, and appreciating, just as we would, the great blessing of freedom.

When I told them how sorry I was that I could not do more for them, because my supplies were limited, and great numbers coming to me daily from as great or greater distances, as needy as themselves—that the people of the North sympathized with them, were anxious that they should prove themselves worthy of freedom, and were trying to help them a little now, hoping to encourage and give them a start, so that hereafter they can take care of themselves, they replied, taking off their poor, ragged hats, “That is what we want to do, missus. We are bound to take care of ourselves, if they will only give us a chance. We have worked to support ourselves and the *Johnnies* likewise; we ought now to be able to support ourselves. We scuffle hard to get bread for our wives and children; but we cannot get money to buy clothes, and we don’t know but they’ll have to go naked yet. God bless the Northern people for what they are doing for us! the best thing they have given us is our freedom.”

Going to my store-room, I found that, after the great demands of the past week, there still remained some valuable articles, enough to give to each a pair of shoes for some of the little feet at home, one warm garment for each household, with other little articles that would be acceptable where nothing could come amiss.

"Thank God, and you too," they said, "for this;" asking nothing for themselves, though their patched and ragged garments would have been a sufficient appeal if my stock of men's clothing had not been entirely exhausted.

My heart went after them sorrowfully as they walked away with their little bundles, which I would gladly have made larger, for I knew too well the story of their distress, though, as some of them say, "None but Christ knows all we have suffered."

Many of the old masters, after having charged them with unwillingness to work, and predicted that they will starve, are determined that their predictions shall be verified. They hire them at the lowest possible rates, and withhold the stipulated sum when it is due. If the laborer succeeds in obtaining the hire for which he has worked so hard, it hardly suffices to buy corn-meal and bacon enough to keep wife and children from starving. To buy clothing at the present high prices is not to be thought of. It is, therefore, no great wonder that, when rumor goes from neighbor to neighbor that these much coveted articles are to be obtained

by a walk of twenty-five or thirty miles, they should, like Joseph's starving brethren when they heard that there was corn in Egypt, take up the pilgrim's staff, and journey patiently over the weary way. To them it is no holiday excursion, but a measure to which they are driven by the sorest need.

What strikes one as the greatest peculiarity about them is the incongruity between their tattered garments and their truly polite and respectful manner. An old man, after walking from early dawn till starry eve, knocks at my door, and, as I answer the summons, he accosts me with all the grace of "a gentleman of the old school;" always inquiring kindly after my health before he makes known his errand,—which, indeed, hardly needs to be told. After the customary compliments have been passed, bowing low with hat in hand, or finger on its ragged rim, he proceeds briefly and pathetically to spread before me the story of his poverty, of which the destitution of wife and children is always the burden, and begs me, "for Christ's sake, to do him a little good, now that he has walked so far."

Through the constant efforts of friends at the North, who never weary in well-doing, I have been able to give something to almost every applicant. I know that the gifts are often received as coming directly from the Father, in whom they have implicit faith that he will not forsake "his poor little ones," and looked upon as weapons with which they may a little longer keep the demon *want* at bay.

CHAPTER VII.

LETTER TO A SABBATH-SCHOOL.

POPLAR SPRINGS, February 26, 1866.

TO the Central Church Sabbath-School, Bangor, Maine:—I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of a donation of twenty-five dollars, from the Sabbath-School of Central Church, Bangor, for the relief of freed people of this encampment. As we naturally feel an interest in those whom we have benefited, I take it for granted that the members of the Sabbath-school would like to know something of those who are thus made the recipients of their charity, and I will therefore endeavor to answer to some extent the question which they would perhaps ask, viz. : “What has been done with our money?”

In looking over our encampment, it was found that there was a large number of old men, each living in a little hut by himself, all of whom were in a very miserable condition. Their clothes and bedding were insufficient, and it was a very difficult matter for them to keep up their fires, and draw their rations of soup and bread, with such assistance as could be rendered. In order to have them provided for more comfortably, “the Captain,” who

has charge of the camp, had a long stockade building fitted up and furnished with bunks, where they could all be collected together and suitably cared for. I was able to furnish all necessary bedding and clothing from my store-room, and, with a part of your money, to buy for each a nice tin-cup and plate, spoon, knife and fork, and various other articles necessary to make them comfortable. When to these was added a little tobacco, they were perfectly happy. One of these men is ninety-seven years old, and all of them nearly, if not quite, fourscore, and they have all been slaves from their birth, until President Lincoln's Proclamation made them free.

Sometimes, when I go to see them, I take my Bible, and read a few chapters to them. This is the greatest treat they can possibly have. They listen with the most earnest attention, and, as soon as I have finished, burst out into exclamations like these: — "Glory to de Lord dat I'se heard dis yere word to-day!" "Glory to King Jesus!" "Dat is de truth dat I'se been telling dem dis fifty year, dat God is light, and in him is no darkness!" "I knows dat is true, for he has tole me so; my heart cries out dat it is true — I in you and you in me, you tote your burdens and I tote you!" "Dat," referring to a short Psalm, "is a kinder little pra'ar to say before de shickens crows in de morning." "Dat entices me to look more to my Father, and put all my 'pendence on him."

Another way in which it has afforded me great satisfaction to have the means of helping these people, is by furnishing them with potatoes for planting. Those who were able to secure in any way a piece of ground began to plough the first of February,—for spring has already come to us in Virginia; and everywhere, as you ride about in the country, you may see the soft earth turned up and ready for planting, and tufts of fresh green grass and leaves springing up in all sheltered places. Many of those who have required assistance in this way are widows, whose only hope of being able to provide for their families is, as they say, “to make a crop of corn and potatoes;” and it has been a great blessing to them to be provided with seed. Two of these women live three miles apart. One of them owns a poor, old, broken-down horse, but has not strength to hold the plough, and is not able to hire help; the other is strong and robust, but has no horse—so the latter follows the plough for the former every other day, and on the alternate days has the use of the horse for ploughing her own land.

Already the tender plants, which contain promise of future subsistence, are shooting up under our warm skies, and in a few weeks many a sunny ridge and slope will be green with the precious crop planted through your charity.

Another question which you will doubtless ask

(since no one wishes to help those who will not help themselves), is, "Will they work?"

It is very true that there are among them some lazy ones, who prefer to beg, or live on the hard-tack and salt fish provided by Government, rather than to exert themselves,—but they are few in comparison with the whole. The extent and severity of the efforts made by many before asking aid, and their determination to help themselves, is surprising.

To say that the freed men and women will not work for their own maintenance is, I think, as great a libel as was ever perpetrated on any portion of the human race.

It were nearer the truth to say they are agonizing for work,—holding out their poor, empty hands—already indurated by the toils of the taskmaster—to God, the Government, the people of the United States, begging, pleading, imploring that they may be filled with honest, remunerative labor.

I commenced an industrial school on the 8th of January. It was a bitter cold day; but thirty-four women were present, some having walked three or four miles, delighted at the prospect of earning something.

It was so cold that we could not make ourselves comfortable in the school-room, and they took the work home. The garments were returned, made very nicely. One woman, who had the misfortune

to lose her right arm, made a pair of drawers, button-holes and all, perfectly well.

In subsequent meetings the number has increased to fifty-seven. At the second meeting, after all had been supplied with work, and were sewing very quietly, I said, "Perhaps you would like me to read something to you." They replied, "Oh, yes, ma'am. Please read to us in the Bible; we like to hear that better than anything else." I read at first a few Psalms, and then some one asked for the story of the crucifixion, which I read, while they sewed and listened attentively. Since that I always spend a part of the time in reading, selecting some subject which will furnish a text for moral instruction, such as they seem to require. The difficulties in the way of procuring work are so great, that the school is necessarily irregular; but whenever I can obtain it, they come together, always pleased to do so. Their industry and propriety of deportment could scarcely be surpassed by any ladies in any community. Women also come to me daily from three or four miles around asking for work, they are so anxious to earn something; and they, as well as the men, seem to desire nothing so much as to get possession of a small piece of ground, where they may "make a crop of corn and 'baccy."

During the past month the health of the camp has been remarkably good, and there has been less suffering than might have been anticipated.

For the good order and comfortable condition generally prevailing, we are greatly indebted to the kindness and efficient management of Mr. Cochran, who, as agent for the Freedmen's Bureau, superintends the camp.

In conclusion, allow me to express the hope that the kindness shown to this most unfortunate portion of our countrymen, may be returned in an increased measure of blessing to your own hearts and homes.

“The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd —
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.”

Yours, truly,

C. E. MCKAY.

CHAPTER VIII.

AUNT BECKY'S TROUBLES.

“The Short and Simple Annals of the Poor.”

THE 17th day of January, 1867, differed from nearly every other day that we had had in Virginia since Christmas, only in that rain had been falling instead of snow, and the rain had come persistently, and in torrents, instead of drizzling as usual. But rain, or snow, or biting cold could not keep from my door applicants for charity.

Some kind friends at the North, and in England, whose hearts had been touched with pity for the physical sufferings of the freed people, had sent generous supplies of warm clothing for women and children, and had permitted me to act as their almoner. This joyful fact had been circulated among the people of the adjoining counties and distant plantations, and the possibility of procuring a warm skirt, or blanket, or hood, or even a few patches for the ragged garments of the little ones, was a sufficient inducement for undertaking a walk of ten, sometimes even of twenty, thirty or forty miles, through cold and tempest. Among the shivering, bedraggled victims of want and sorrow who came on the day above mentioned, was Aunt Becky, with

two daughters, leaving the other four, with their three little brothers, in the hut four miles away, where I used to see them last winter.

Aunt Becky was still young-looking, of a bright complexion, and had many essentials of a lady; mild, dark eyes, a very sweet smile, low, soft voice, and a good use of language, or, in Virginia phrase, "was a nice-spoken nigger." Her husband had been killed three years ago by the kick of a horse, and left her with nine children, the youngest an infant of a few days, the oldest, Eliza, a girl of fourteen years.

My acquaintance with her had commenced on a cold day of the preceding winter, when one of her neighbors came to beg me to go to her and carry some medicine for Eliza, who was in a fit, they feared, dying.

With such remedies as I had at hand, I hastened down the ravine, across the track of the military railroad, up to the old camping ground, where, in one of the little huts that Union soldiers had occupied a year before, lived Becky with her nine children. Eliza, with her pretty, childish face, in which you could discern only the slightest tint of African blood, was lying on a bunk near the great fireplace, pale, rigid, and speechless, though with signs of life. Her new-born baby, having just died, was laid on a chest near by, shrouded in a few rags, not easily spared from the living.

The mother, with a countenance expressing that anguish which only mothers know, was quietly working over her,—rubbing her feet, rubbing her hands, laying her hand gently on the cold forehead, and striving with endearing epithets to call her back to life. “Eliza, honey, does n’t you know me? does n’t you know your mammy? Here are the white lady done come to see you.” But it was all in vain. The frightened eyes rolled wildly in their sockets, but gave no sign of recognition. The next day, however, I heard she was a little better, and in a few weeks she was quite well.

The next time I went to see Becky, I found her bolstered up in bed, taking her turn to be sick, while Eliza was performing the duties of nurse and cook. Pouring cold water on a quantity of corn-meal, she mixed it with her hand, then moulded it into balls, which she tossed from one hand to the other until they were well beaten, and laid them on the hearth to bake. These are corn-dodgers. Hoe cakes baked on a shovel, or hoe- and ash-cakes baked in hot ashes, are all made the same way.

“I am glad to see that Eliza is well enough to help you,” I said.

“Yes, thank God,” replied her mother. “I were jus’ a telling her how good the Lord were to take the chile that were ready to go, and spar’ her to repent of her sins. I were a’most ’stracted with the thought of her dying; an’ I know’d she wa’n’t

prepared. But as for me, I could n't help her den ; I were the blind leading the blind. But now, praise the Lord, He have given me new light, and done took the burden off my back. He have taken my feet out of the pit, and done set them on a rock, and have put a new song in my mouth, and I bless His name." Becky went on a long time in this strain of praise and joy, which, contrasted with the poor and low surroundings, was very touching, and brought tears to my eyes, but left little for me to say. If you could have occupied an unobserved corner of her hut a few evenings later, you might have seen Becky and her three eldest daughters sitting on low stools around the fire, their hands folded on their knees, and with many swayings to and fro of the body, and expressive upward glances, singing,—

Shall we meet again ?

Shall we meet again ?

I'll meet you in heaven to part no more.

Sisters, far-ye-well,

Brothers, far-ye-well,

God Almighty bless you :

Shall we meet again ?

This they sang over and over again, in their own plaintive way, and then broke into the lively little refrain —

De bell done ring,

De bell done ring,

Good-morning, John the Baptist,

De bell done ring.

Or,—

Sister Phoebe gone to heaven,
De bell done ring;
O, I know she mighty happy,
De bell done ring;
Jus' got over to the heavenly land,
De bell done ring.

But now Becky had come to tell me her troubles, how she and the children, even the little ones, "certainly did work faithful in the corn-field all summer;" that one day Eliza fainted with the hoe in her hand, and she "were mightily afeared they never would be able to fetch her to;" that "they made right smart of corn," but Mr. Blick, the owner of the land, came and took half instead of the fourth part, which was his just due; that little Edna was hired out, but was kept out in the cold so much that her poor little feet were frozen, and now she was at home unable to walk; and to-day she took Eliza to town, hoping to find a place for her, but the lady to whom she was directed had provided herself with a servant, and she must go back to her miserable home. "How is it possible," I ask myself, "that this poor woman, with only her two hands, has been able to keep ten souls and bodies together, through the last year of suffering and scarcity?"

Surely, He who hears the young ravens when they cry has been her helper. As His instrument, I gave her a bundle of warm clothing for herself

and children, not forgetting a doll for little Edna; and with thankful hearts they retraced their way homeward, through the cold, driving storm.

I had heard nothing of Becky for several weeks, when one morning I recognized her face among the dusky crowd that pressed around my door. She had come, she said, hardly able to speak for the tears and sobs that she could not keep back, to ask me to please give her "something to put little Bella away in. She died last night."

She had not suffered much from sickness, but had seemed to pine away, and grow weaker and weaker every day, with no appetite; and for the last week had not tasted food.

"But this did n't hurt me so much," she said, "as the death of little Rose, six weeks ago. She got up and went out one night, unbeknownst to us all. It were that cold night when it rained and lightened so. In the morning I made shor she'd done gone into Aunt Maria's, and sent Eliza to fetch her home; but they had n't seen her. Then we was mightily scared, and the neighbors all turned out to hunt for her, and about noon they found her away up on the hill lying dead under a tree. I reckoned she started to go into Aunt Maria's, and lost her way, and then a jack-o'-lantern led her off."

I remembered her as a bright little creature of six years, who, when I was sitting in her mother's cabin, would run up behind me and pluck my dress,

and then run off to join in the shout of the merry group of little woolly heads that had witnessed the bold achievement. I was grieved to hear of her sad fate, and did not wonder at Becky's tears. When I questioned her about her circumstances, she said she "had been mightily put up to get along." At night, they were "so scarce of kiver for the chillun, it seemed as if it was only God that kept them from freezing. In "the freezing time, a few weeks ago, when the mills all done stopped, we could n't get the corn ground, and jus' had to bile it, an' eat it so." It was not surprising that little Bella pined away and died.

I gave her "something to put away the child in," a blanket, and some clothing for those that were left, and, through the kindness of an officer of the Freedman's Bureau, she was provided with a coffin, which some of her neighbors "toted" out for her on their shoulders, and again, with many thanks and God-blessings, she turned her sorrowful steps towards the wretched little home for which, as she says, she has "scuffled so hard."

CHAPTER IX.

REUNIONS.

NOTHING in real life can be more touching and romantic than the reunions constantly occurring between friends and kindred long separated by the inexorable decrees of slavery, the power that WAS — the grim tyrant who, having so long hunted down and destroyed the helpless and despairing, is now, at last, himself hunted down and vanquished.

"I's tinkin' ebry day, missus," says my patient old cook, Sylvia, "dat my boy will come to me. He be 's a man now, if he 's living, for he were sol' away from me ten years ago come Christmas, an' he were a big boy den. Mars'r Robert were a mighty good mars'r; but he 'd a heap o' chillun of his own to provide for, and so he were forced to sell some of we-alls. It's a heap worse 'n death, losing 'em dat way. I made shor I done seen my boy come into camp las' night, but it turned out to be Aunt Peggy's boy come from North Car'lina."

I have seldom seen a gentleman, white or black, with a more strikingly handsome countenance, or more graceful and easy address, than Napoleon Johnson. It is true, that, as he stood before me to

beg clothing for his old mother and little brother, you could hardly have told whether the original material of his garments was the butternut-color of the plantation, the gray of the rebel, or the blue of the Federal uniform, so skilfully were they intermingled in patches, with bits of old tenting super-added here and there, sewed together with coarse, white yarn, and, for want of buttons, pinned with smooth splinters of wood; yet, withal, clean and tidy.

"But you are young, and strong for work," I said, "and should be able to support your old mother and little brother without the help of charity."

"Indeed, madam, I do work, day and night, to get bread for them," he replied, lifting his hat with the easy gesture and smile of a gentleman. "I've just found my old mother, and got a little place for her to live in; but she has nothing to wear, and I cannot buy clothes for her now. You would feel sorry, madam, to see how naked she is. I was sold at sheriff's sale twenty years ago this planting time, into North Carolina, when I was just twelve years old, and have just got back to old Virginia."

"But how did you find your mother after twenty years' absence?"

"I knew where I left her, and was bound to find her if she was living; so I came back to this part, and went up and down the country, inquiring at all the plantations, and looking into the faces of all the

old women I saw, until at last I found my mother's face."

And so this handsome octoroon *gentleman* of thirty-two, with his soft, black eyes and musical voice, whose patched and many-colored garments cannot hide the real beauty of his soul or the elegance of his manners, has been all his life a chattel—standing on the auction-block, knocked off to the highest bidder, chained hand to hand and foot to foot in the gang with women and children driven like dumb cattle to the slave-mart, handed about from one to another as the representative of a handful of gold, ranking in his master's *ménage* a little lower than his favorite dogs and horses. The thought is overwhelming. I turn my face from him for a moment, for he, with his life-long familiarity with such terrible facts, will not understand the meaning of these tears.

Julia Jackson was a pretty, industrious quadroon woman, who had been employed in our hospital, and, with her little boy, occupied one of the log-cabins built the preceding year by Union soldiers. She had confided to me her expectation of being married in a few months to Richard Hobbs, and had bespoken my assistance in furnishing her *trousseau*. Soon after, Richard came to me for advice. It seemed that the course of his and Julia's love was not running so smooth as could be desired. He really loved "Miss Julia," he said, "but she had

turned him out because he had cut wood for another lady." He was now taking care of Isabella, whose husband had left her,—she being quite ill, and having no one to wait on her but himself. His kind attentions to Isabella, while they had aroused Julia's jealousy, had also kindled her repentance, and she, having confessed her folly, wanted him to come back.

"Well, Richard, I think Julia will make you a very good wife; and if she is really sorry for her unkindness, I advise you to go back to her."

"Yes, Miss Charlotte, I reckoned she'd make a mighty nice wife, and that we'd be married, and go North with you in the spring. I thinks I'll go back to her, but not now. I'll let her wait awhile, seeing she done turned me out wunst."

Not long after, Richard came to me again, one morning, dressed in his "Sunday clothes," his pants tucked nicely under his high boots, and his toilet complete with the exception of a collar, for which, as he said, he had come to ask me.

"Are you going to be married to-day, Richard?"

"No, missus, not to-day. I'll go and look after my wife, Emmeline, and the children fust."

"Your wife and children, Richard! You never told me you were married."

"No, Miss Charlotte, I did n't tol' you, because I've been away from my wife two years, an' I thought she were married ag'in by this time. But I

seen a boy in camp last night that done come from Brunswick county, whar she live; and he say she are having a mighty hard time of it, and want me to come back. So I'll go."

"And so, Richard, you love Emmeline better than any of these 'ladies' to whom you have been so attentive here?"

"Well, missus, to tell you the truth, if Emmeline had got another husband, I would n't mind marry-ing one of these ladies; but I feels for her and for my two little chillun. I wants to be *far* an' honest about it, and I can't rest till I go and see how it is with them. If she is n't married, I'll get her and the chillun out, if I can; and if she has got another man, I'll fotch the chillun here, and marry one of these ladies,—Miss Julia, I thinks; she wants me so mighty bad."

On further inquiry, I learned that Richard had left his wife in slavery two years before, near the Weldon railroad, about seventy miles south of our camp. That he had availed himself of a "*paraid*" (raid) of Union cavalry, to escape from the bondage which he did not then know was so soon to be lifted from his race. That he had heard afterwards that his young master had threatened to shoot him if he could ever find him, and, consequently, he would be obliged to go secretly, and bring his wife and children away in the night. His means of accomplishing this were his resolution, his two hands

and two feet. Nothing more. He thought if he could "borrow" two dollars, he could buy his "eatings" by the way; and hoped to return in a week.

I gave him the desired *collar*, and the two dollars, and advised him by all means to go and find his wife and children, if it were possible. Two or three weeks had elapsed, and I was beginning to fear he had come to grief in some way, when, one morning, as I was sitting at the breakfast-table, the door of my log-cabin opened, and Richard entered, in a very dilapidated condition. His "Sunday clothes" were in rags. His boots, which were new and glossy when he left, looked as if they had seen years of hard service, and his face, so black and shining, now had grown thin and pale.

"I'se jus' got back wid my life, and dat's all, missus; but I'se done fotch my wife an' chillun."

He had found his wife in the same little cabin where he left her two years before. She had known nothing of freedom, save that her master, while exacting her accustomed service, had felt free to give her nothing in return, and had been living in the constant hope of seeing or hearing from Richard. His old master, whose plantation was near that of Emmeline's master, had treated him kindly, saying to him, "You've always been a good nigger, Richard, and I wish you well. *You have a right now to your wife and children*, but you must get them out in the night. There are no Union men in this

neighborhood, and if the neighbors see you, they'll shoot you. I give you this shot-gun to defend yourself with ; but keep it for your boy, and when he grows up, give it to him as a present from me."

His young master sent him word that he would shoot him if he found him on his plantation. Four white men, with guns, were lurking about his wife's cabin all one night, but he managed to elude them.

Being thus warned and threatened, he had availed himself of the darkness of midnight to lead away his little family from the land of their affliction. They could take nothing with them but a little bag of corn bread for subsistence by the way. The daughter, eight years old, walked by the side of her mother. The six-year old boy he "toted" all the way in his arms. The journey occupied four days, and some friendly white people gave them shelter at night.

When the way-worn travellers arrived at our camp, "Miss Julia" received them kindly in her little cabin ; gave them a share of her ash-cakes and corn-dodgers ; brought water and bandages for poor Emmeline's torn and swollen feet, and lent her a dress in which she could appear when she came to beg one for herself.

"She had hoped to marry Richard," she said ; "but thought he did right in going back to his wife, and, as Emmeline had no other husband, she had the best right to him."

It would be pleasant to conclude this sketch by drawing a picture of a snug little cabin, with pretty flowers in front, and a garden patch of potatoes, cabbages, and corn in the rear, such as doubtless warmed Richard's imagination and nerved his courage during those weary and perilous days of tramping and adventure. But, alas! the story of "man's inhumanity to man" continually repeats itself. When I returned to the camp, after six months' absence, I learned that certain white men, representing the law of the land, had taken away all guns from colored people, and among them the precious little shot-gun that Richard's master had given him for his own defence, and an heirloom to his boy. It was hard to submit to this new phase of tyranny, and, influenced by evil counsellors, Richard, with several others, had made an attempt to recover his property. The house containing the guns had been broken open, but, in the scuffle that ensued, Richard's gun had been broken; and though no one was hurt, he with three or four of his companions was arrested, tried by Virginia magistrates, and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary at Richmond.

Poor Emmeline was struggling along as best she could, with the shadow of starvation for herself and children ever by her side.

CHAPTER X.

LETTERS FROM PETERSBURG, VA., TO JOEL CAD- BURY, JR., PHILADELPHIA.

PETERSBURG, VA., Jan. 9, 1867.

DEAR FRIEND.—Since I last wrote, some few things have suggested themselves to me which may be interesting to the friends who are so kind as to send aid to the poor freedmen of the South. There are in Petersburg thirteen thousand colored people to eight thousand whites. Many of them have been doing very well for themselves, buying little patches of ground, and building little cabins, and making their families quite comfortable. On New Year's day, to have seen them marching around the city in a procession five thousand strong, with banners, gay regalia, and all joyful emblems, celebrating for the second time the anniversary of their emancipation, one would think they were in quite prosperous circumstances. But there are thousands of poor widows, with large families of children, who cannot get work, or when they do get washing or other work to do, do not always get paid for it. There are many old and helpless ones, who

suffer much with rheumatism and, as they say, "old folks' pains."

There is a hospital near me with about a hundred of such cases, and the surgeon in charge told me that, until I furnished him with some clothing from that you sent me, some of these old people had not had a change for a year, and were nearly naked. I was of course thankful to be able to furnish them some of the nice warm English clothing which you had placed at my disposal, and hope most sincerely that the blessing of Him who does not forget his "poor little ones," may come to the hearts and homes of those who sent. Some of the same clothing has gone twenty, thirty, and fifty miles into the country, the people in the country being still more destitute than those in the city. Many of the articles in the cask you sent me were precisely adapted to the want, being garments for women and children, of coarse linsey or flannel, and cotton under-garments. But some were of a finer and more expensive material than is suitable.

If you communicate with your friends on the subject, I would advise that very little be sent but what is coarse and strong. Any articles of luxury in the way of clothing, it is better not to give them, as these should be the reward of their own labor and industry. Books, also, are of very little use, as few can read. But whole suits of coarse clothing for women and children, including shoes and stock-

ings, can never come amiss. Gentlemen's cast-off clothing is also very acceptable for the old men.

Last year I spent a good deal of money in providing them with garden-seeds and farming utensils, as it was impossible for those in the country to get them for themselves. This was a great help to them, though they say that the owners of the land came around in the fall and took away *half* of everything. This was twice as much as they should have taken, one-fourth part being the usual allowance for the land-holders. I hope that these facts may be of interest to those who are helping us in our endeavors to ameliorate the condition of these poor people.

The field is wide here, and the need very great, Up to this date, I have had nothing but what you sent, though goods have been sent from New York, but are frozen up in the James River, which I hope to have in a few days. I am confident there will be pressing need of all that can be had; so that any aid you can render in the way of clothing or money, I shall be glad to apply as well as I can. The winter is unusually severe, with a large quantity of snow. For distributing in the country, I shall be obliged to depend on the agents of the Bureau, who are very kind and humane, and glad to forward clothing to the poor.

One man came from Sussex County, about thirty miles distant, bringing a letter from his former

owner, who was known to and endorsed by Major Stone, Superintendent of the District, under the Bureau. It stated that he had an invalid wife, five small children, and a old father and mother to provide for. That he was "a man of most exemplary character, sober and industrious habits," and "I do not know a single instance of misconduct on his part during his life, and he belonged to me many years." This was a remarkable case, but similar ones are of daily occurrence, where men, with large families, are straining every nerve to "make bread," as they express it, for their families, but where to buy clothing is out of the question. A great number of widows also come, of whom one cannot help wondering how they can get bread, in these fearfully hard times, for themselves and children. I was very glad, also, to be able to supply clothing, from these English packages, to many of the children in a school four miles from the city, on the Boydtown Plank-road, which I have established on my own responsibility. It is in a neighborhood in which I have been much interested for a long time, and is taught by a young colored woman, who has been in training in our schools ever since they were established here. It is held in one of the many log-houses built by our soldiers during the war, and is on land owned by a colored woman. The teacher, Eliza Alston, is well qualified to instruct them, and I always find the children looking bright

and happy with their books, and the school in just as good order as those taught by white teachers. There are about seventy in the day-school, ten or twelve in the night-school, and a hundred in the Sabbath-school. Miss Eliza manages it all herself, conducting with perfect propriety and success the singing, prayers, and lessons.

Last Sabbath, I went out to visit the Sabbath-school. It was quite wonderful to see them all so orderly and happy looking. When I recalled to them the great change that had been brought about for their race since a few years back, when their fathers "did not dare so much as to look on a piece of paper as if they knew anything," as they have often told me, and to teach a colored person was a crime, to be punished by the judge, while now they could sit in the school-house unmolested, with a competent teacher of their own color; and asked if any one could tell me to whom they were indebted for this great change in their condition, many hands went up, and one little barefooted fellow, when called upon to answer, said, "Yankees, I reckon;" while another *reckoned* it was "the *noon-ion* army."

I think the kind friends who send these valuable gifts of clothing for the naked, may rest assured that, in most cases, they are helping those who are trying to help themselves. It is very true that some of a lazy and vagabond character come to

beg; but whenever it can be ascertained that they are such, they are sent away empty-handed, our object being, so far as possible, to stimulate exertion, but never to encourage idleness.

In this district of sixteen counties, there are thousands of families who are thankfully enjoying the benefits of these Christian charities, and taking up the great burden that has fallen so suddenly upon them, with a cheerful courage. The hoes, spades, and garden-seeds have been eagerly sought for, and many more could have been distributed to advantage. For the want of these useful articles, much land in the country will remain uncultivated.

Many here told me that their chief dependence through the year has been the hoe I gave them last spring.

"She has given me a spade and right smart potatoes," said a woman, to-day, "and now I am going home and going right to digging."

Many of the men, as they walk off with their spades over their shoulders, a bag of potatoes on their heads, garden-seeds in their pockets, and a bundle of clothing under their arms, throw back from a beaming countenance a glance full of gratitude, saying, "I never shall forget you, Miss Charlotte. I certainly does hope you'll rest in the Kingdom, when you dies."

TO THE SAME.

PETERSBURG, VA., April 1, 1867.

DEAR FRIEND.—Your four casks of clothing have arrived, and been nearly all distributed, to the great comfort and relief of a large number of suffering women and children.

Nothing in the way of gifts to these poor freed-women could have been more appropriate than the heavy, gray, woollen skirts, and nice warm jackets, contained in those packages, and I have distributed them with the greatest satisfaction.

Sixty-five suits of assorted sizes have been sent to a hospital of colored people at Farmville, for which an urgent requisition had been on hand for a long time. Many of the patients there were in a suffering condition, having nothing wherewith to change the ragged garments which they were obliged to wear both night and day. The remainder has mostly been given to people coming from the country, distances of from five to thirty miles. The men generally come from the greater distances, to beg for wives and children. The women to whom these garments have been given generally come in "top-coats," as they call their outside garments of tenting, bagging, blankets, or other refuse of the camps, from which, as they say, they "got right smart of such things; but the white people came round, and made as though they belonged to them,

and took most of them away." These garments having been worn now nearly two years without change, are very ragged, or patched in all directions with anything that can be had, without reference to any relation in color or quality, and often, for want of buttons, hooks and eyes, or common pins, fastened together in front with smooth splinters of wood. If one can get a soldier's blouse, or blue cape to cover her shoulders, she is particularly fortunate. All the pieces that were invoiced as rugs were given, and very thankfully received, for shawls. Your last invoice of goods has been a very important aid in relieving severe cases of suffering, and will be a help and comfort to many for a year to come.

With many thanks, on behalf of the freed people, to yourself and the friends who have so generously co-operated with me,

I remain, yours truly,

C. E. MCKAY.

Mr. JOEL CADBURY, Phila.

THE END.





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